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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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PAGE 111

CONTENTS

2 ‖ **SALUTATIONS**

4 ‖ **SUCK A WHAT?**
Just put your lips together – and blow

12 ‖ **PICTORIAL: JESSA & JOHN**

22 ‖ **PURSUIT & CAPTURE**
It's better to be chased than chaste

30 ‖ **PICTORIAL: CRISTIANA & KENNA**

38 ‖ **EROTICA**
Shop Girl
Who knew that vintage shoes could kick start an intense streak of passion?
By Pamela Sommer

44 ‖ **LETTER OF THE MONTH**
Three Wishes

50 ‖ **PICTORIAL: ELLA, JACKIE & XANDER**

58 ‖ **SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS**
Cucking Around

64 ‖ **CARNALCOPIA**
A piquant potpourri with a little bit of everything

72 ‖ **BOOTY TIME**
Getting a little behind in the pursuit of pleasures

80 ‖ **PICTORIAL: ASPEN RAE**

88 ‖ **OPEN SEASON**
The more the merrier, right?

96 ‖ **PICTORIAL: BLAKE EDEN**

108 ‖ **TOP 10 SEXIEST HOLIDAY COCKTAILS**

LETTERS

SALUTATIONS

Cover Girl: March 2016 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Blake Eden

HAVE you been naughty or nice this year? As the holiday season edges closer, we know you all look forward to your much-deserved downtime, so we've packed this issue of *Penthouse Letters* with erotic, salacious tales to stir your desire.

We know that if you are reading this magazine, you are an uninhibited free bird who understands how powerful erotica can be. We hope that every story in this magazine keeps you striving for sexual adventure and always wanting more.

And when you do get lucky, be sure to tell Penthouse about your insatiable adventures! Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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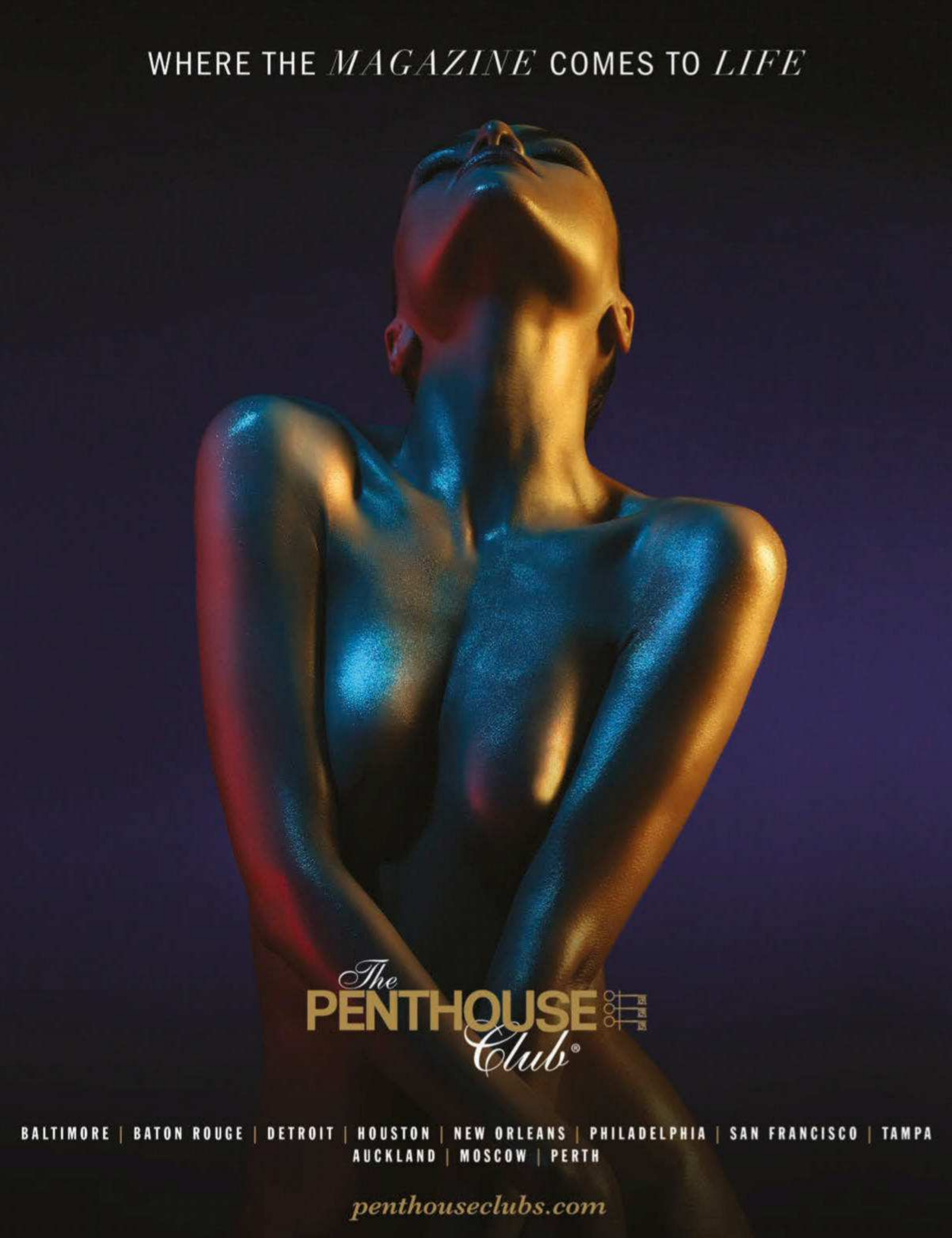

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LETTERS

SUCK A WHAT?

RING TOSS

I have two roommates—one guy, one girl. Being young, open-minded, and horny, we all quickly fell into a friends-with-benefits scenario. Some days Elle and I hunger for girl-on-girl action; on other days we each want to take our roommate Cole's dick. At the end of the day, everyone's happy.

I have two roommates—one guy, one girl. Being young, open-minded, and horny, we all quickly fell into a friends-with-benefits scenario. Some days Elle and I hunger for girl-on-girl action; on other days we each want to take our roommate Cole's dick. At the end of the day, everyone's happy.

One night after half a bottle of tequila made us feel extra silly, Cole proposed that we play a game of ring toss. Confused, Elle and I laughed.

But Cole was serious. He ran off to his room and returned with a set of rings in various colors and sizes. Still, Elle and I didn't completely catch on. Slipping some of the rings around her wrist, Elle took a quick glance around the room. "Do we need a wine bottle or something?" she asked.

"No," Cole said as he pulled down his pants. "I've got everything we need right here."

With Cole's lounge pants out of the way, it was plain to see that he was already aroused. His boxers stood tented at the center, a pointed reminder that Cole's giant pole was more than capable of catching our rings.

Elle and I were seated on either end of the couch with plenty of space in between. Cole settled himself right at the center before tossing the rings onto the coffee table. Spreading his arms wide, Cole regarded us both and said, "Step right up and try your luck, ladies. Big rings mean a blowjob for me; small rings mean a ride for you."

Skeptical, I cocked a brow. "I don't think those small rings will fit around your girth, Mr. Carny."

Pretending to be wounded, Cole placed a hand over his heart. "I know you're not accusing me of rigging my game." Winking, he added, "Besides, there's only one way to find out if you're right."

Clapping her hands, Elle bounced in her seat. "I'm game," she said. Giggling, she picked up a ring and gently tossed it toward Cole's hard cock.

When Elle missed, I took a turn for myself. Always one to aim high, I skipped the big ring and made my first toss with a tiny one.

"I SUCKED COLE'S DICK HARDER, ALLOWING THE SOUNDS OF MY PLEASURE TO ROLL OVER HIS SHAFT."

Unfortunately, the soft rubber circle merely grazed the crown of Cole's dick before falling next to Elle's ring.

Determined to win, I reached to grab a large ring, but Elle beat me to it. Glaring at me, she chided, "Hey, no cutting, it's my turn."

I sat back in my seat, watching as Elle gracefully landed her ring around Cole's hard cock.

Though I was disappointed that she was the first to "win," the feeling didn't last long. After all, the three of us played so well together, I knew I would have my chance to join the fun.

Pumping her fists in the air, Elle hooted in triumph. Continuing her celebratory dance, she peeled off her T-shirt, revealing perky breasts.

Elle crawled to Cole. She bowed her head, planting a kiss atop the crown of his dick. But instead of immediately taking Cole's rod into her mouth, Elle dipped even lower, trapping the rubber circle sitting at the base of Cole's shaft between her teeth.

Slowly she lifted the ring, careful not to knock the rubber against Cole as she moved. After several breathless seconds, Elle cleared Cole's crown and dropped the ring to the floor.

"Well, aren't you a talented little carnival performer?" Cole smirked. He stroked some of Elle's glossy black hair away from her face.

Though it looked like an intimate gesture, I knew Cole better than that.

Sure enough, Cole slid his hand to the back of Elle's head and guided her toward his lap.

Elle didn't need much encouragement. She leaned in and relaxed her jaw, making half of Cole's dick disappear in a single swallow.

For a few moments, I sat on the couch, quietly taking in the scene that played out before me. Cole's naked body reclined lazily, his long, hairy legs stretched out in front of him. One hand remained firmly planted on the back of Elle's head while the other was tucked behind his own.

While Cole appeared the picture of relaxation, Elle was hard at work, her lips sealed tightly around Cole's dick as her head bobbed up and down. Every few pumps the suction she created produced a wet, slurping sound that sent shivers up my spine.

Feeling the space between my thighs grow slick with arousal, I decided it was time to lend Elle a hand. Reaching beneath her bobbing head, I brushed my fingers over Cole's balls.

He really liked that. Cole's body grew stiff as he sucked in a breath. His hips lifted off the couch, driving his dick deeper down Elle's throat.

Though Elle's eyes began to water, she took it like a pro. One delicate

hand gripped Cole at his base and slid upwards, massaging his dick while relieving the pressure on the back of Elle's throat.

Watching Elle suck off Cole made my mouth water. A pulse kicked in between my legs. I wanted to feel Cole's velvety skin along my tongue, too.

Sliding onto the floor, I positioned myself between Cole's legs before gently lifting Elle's head from his lap. "My turn," I murmured, licking my lips. "Get under me, Elle."

"With pleasure," Elle purred.

Rules of the game forgotten, Elle joined me on the floor.

I eased my knees apart, giving Elle all the space she needed to slide between my legs. As I sealed my lips around Cole's dick, Elle closed her own mouth around my clit.

Though my mouth was full of Cole's dick, I groaned. Struggling to keep my mouth shut, I sucked Cole's dick harder, allowing the sounds of my pleasure to roll over his shaft.

Grunting, Cole twined his fingers through my hair, pushing my head down so that his crown tapped the back of my throat.

Instantly my mouth grew slick with saliva, providing the necessary lubricant to glide up and down Cole's dick. Proud to have taken Cole even deeper than Elle did, I brushed my lips over his balls before ascending back to the tip.

"Mmm," I hummed, wanting to let Cole know how much I enjoyed deep-throating his dick. His skin felt hot and silky, sliding easily along my tongue. I savored his feel and taste, allowing Cole's murmurs of pleasure to guide my ministrations.

Elle delicately lapped at my pussy during all this. At first, the subtle stroke of her tongue relaxed me. Using my own arousal as motivation, I quickly pumped Cole's dick into my mouth, eager to make him come apart before I claimed my own pleasure.

But then Elle upped the ante, using a combination of her lips, teeth, and tongue to leave me shaking with unspent energy.

My mouth opened in a scream, causing me to lose hold of Cole's dick. He groaned in protest, using his grip on my hair to guide my mouth back to where he wanted it.

Having lost muscular control thanks to Elle's talented tongue, I was grateful for Cole's assistance. I knew that as long as Elle continued to work her magic between my legs, it would be impossible to keep my mouth closed around Cole, so I decided to change tack, caressing his length with the flat of my tongue.

Though I missed the feel of Cole filling my mouth, licking instead of sucking really improved my range of motion. Now I had free rein over Cole, and I was really lapping it up.

Using the tip of my tongue, I traced the thick vein that ran from the base of his shaft all the way up to the crown. Emboldened by the sound of Cole sucking his breath through his teeth, I swirled my tongue around the tip of his dick, savoring the tangy taste of pre-come that beaded at its center.

Intent to keep Cole guessing, I meandered south and lavished my tongue over his balls. He was so close to coming that his sack had grown tight and firm, allowing my tongue to easily slide along the sensitive skin.

Relinquishing his hold on my hair, Cole planted his hands on either side of his thighs, digging his fingers deeper into the cushion after every sweep of my tongue. His legs grew tense, causing them to shake as he struggled to remain still.

Spurred by his complete loss of

LETTERS

SUCK A WHAT?

control, I started licking harder. Faster. I pressed the flat of my tongue against the underside of Cole's dick and circled his girth, treating him like a popsicle in danger of melting.

But while a popsicle would melt beneath the warm touch of my tongue, Cole became harder.

Consumed by my desire to make Cole come, I set my own needs aside, intent to ignore the pleasant feeling of Elle playing between my legs.

I licked my way back up to Cole's crown and opened my mouth wide once more. After sealing my lips around his tip, I traced circles around him with my tongue until more of Cole's natural lubricant filled my mouth. I savored his saltiness, enjoying the way our juices blended to allow Cole to slide in and out of my mouth with ease.

Then Elle began to land light flicks onto my clit with her tongue, banishing my resolve to focus solely on Cole.

I screamed again, but this time I made certain that Cole's dick remained in my mouth.

But Elle wasn't done yet. She knew that I was speeding toward an orgasm and she wasn't going to allow me to put it off a moment longer. Sealing her lips around my clit, she sucked and flicked until my vision blurred.

Another scream rumbled in my chest. Bearing down, I continued to suck on Cole even as the sound reached the back of my throat. The sound rippled over Cole, massaging his shaft, amplifying the sensations evoked by my lips and tongue.

Cole's fingers found his way back into my hair as his hips lifted off the couch. He grunted, thrusting into my mouth at breakneck speed.

My orgasm reached its crest at the same time, rocking my body right as Cole's hot come jettisoned into my mouth.

Swallowing past my moans, I let Cole's seed slide down my throat as I enjoyed my orgasm's final tremors.

As the world came back into focus, I found myself searching the room for rings, already raring to play again.

–K.L. via email

SANTA'S HUMMER

During my first year of business school, my father finally remarried–and I was relieved and happy for him. He had raised me all by himself the most part, and his new wife, Christine, was very kind to me–even though I was too old to really think of her as a "mother figure." However, I loved her cooking and how she managed to mellow out my dad's workaholic tendencies. I was an only child, but Christine had a few children of her own with her deceased husband. The younger boy and girl were still in grade school, and Evelyn, the oldest, was a sophomore at a neighboring New England college.

Now, before you freak out: No, I didn't fuck my new stepsister or my stepmom–that's not where this is going, although I understand that this kind of thing is "vogue" right now in porn. However, the addition of a hot MILF and a beautiful young coed to my family still helped me score–because that Christmas, which was our first big "official" family Christmas, Evelyn brought along a friend of hers, Johanna.

Johanna was an exchange student from Berlin. Since flying home was both expensive and impractical on a student visa, my new stepmother was happy to extend her hospitality. For my part, I had agreed to pick up the girls from campus and take everyone to my dad's house.

"Hi, Brett!" Evelyn waved as I pulled up to the loading area.

"Hello," I smiled. "Curbside service?"

Evelyn laughed. "Yes, please. I brought too much stuff."

I hopped out and started loading the suitcases. "Where's your friend? Is she still coming?"

And that's when Johanna stepped out of the dorm, lugging her single oversized suitcase. "So sorry I am late!" she called out.

Not only did Johanna have the cutest German accent ever, but she also had a round face with milky skin, rosy cheeks (especially in the biting cold), light blue eyes, and long blonde hair the color of corn silk. By far, she was the hottest girl I had ever been in the presence of, and I felt the blood rushing to my face.

Evelyn waved her over, "It's OK! He just got here, no worries. Johanna, this is my stepbrother, Brett."

I cleared my throat. "*Guten tag*," I offered in my best rusty German.

Johanna giggled. "Hello." I brushed her hand when I took her suitcase.

"Go ahead, Johanna, you can sit up front. I'm so dead from my final, I'm probably going to crash for a while." And with that small gesture, Evelyn had unwittingly set in motion a chain of events that would make this one of my most memorable holidays ever.

It was about four-hour drive from school to the house, so with my stepsister more or less zonked out, I had Johanna all to myself. I tried to play it cool, but I was nervous (and horny) and probably sounded like a total dork. But Johanna put me right at ease—while delivering the occasional tease.

As we pulled on to the highway, Johanna unzipped her parka and stretched.

"Too warm for you?" I asked. "I can turn the heater down?"

"No—it's perfect now." She edged her jacket off to reveal a tight little pink scoop-neck sweater and plump, round breasts. Pun intended, it was "hard" for me not to keep looking from the road to the sight of her erect nipples peeking through the soft cashmere.

Our eyes met and she smiled at me: "So, I hear you're doing an MBA?" She stretched again, causing her breasts to squish together—what I wouldn't have given to pull over and stuff my cock into that amazing cleavage.

"Y—yes. Uh, I'm hoping to do international business someday."

"I STILL GET HARD THINKING ABOUT THE WAY HER TONGUE TEASED UP AND DOWN MY SHAFT."

"I study business and finance, too."

Her nipples were growing harder. Thank goodness I was sitting down and still wearing my coat, or my erection would have been obvious. "Really? Evelyn didn't tell me." I strained to keep my eyes on the road.

"Yes—that's why I come here—I want to improve my English and work for an American company this summer. Maybe down in Boston."

"Wow, good for you," I smiled. "I have an internship already lined up down there, unless maybe something in New York comes through."

"Oh?" Johanna reached over and touched my arm: "Maybe sometime if you don't mind, you can take a look at my resume and tell me if it's good?"

"Sure, that would be—uh, yes, I'd be happy to." My face must have been so red.

Johanna giggled and I'm pretty sure she was on the verge of saying something else suggestive—but then Evelyn woke up. Still, especially after being single so long, I was thrilled with how well Johanna and I hit it off—and since she would be staying with my family for the next two weeks, I hoped there would be time to get her alone again.

Now, I'll spare you the details of our big, loud, "Griswold-style" family holidays, but unfortunately as you can imagine, with the house bursting at the seams and new cars full of people coming and going, it was hard to even find a minute to myself, much less the chance to score with the cute German girl who, naturally, everyone wanted to meet and talk to. But then my dad delivered the ultimate cock-block during the afternoon of Christmas Eve by insisting that I dress up as Santa for the little cousins this year.

On the premise that I was running down the street to get more soda, I was actually sent down to the basement to change into the Santa outfit. Our basement has this huge spare room next to the pantry that was meant to become a guest bedroom, but my dad never got around to finishing it, so there's just drywall, cement, and an old futon in there. A wooden door closes off the space, but it has no doorknob, so there's a huge gaping hole. I pulled the door closed and flipped on the ceiling light. No one ever went into the basement, so I wasn't too concerned with privacy.

I took off my pants and was standing there shirtless in just my boxers when a distinctive German accent called out:

LETTERS

SUCK A WHAT?

"Hello, Santa?"

I jumped and turned around to see Johanna's twinkling blue eyes peeping through the opening in the door. "How did you know I was down here?"

Johanna giggled. "I asked your stepmom. And then I gave Evelyn, uh–'a slip'? Is that how you say?"

I laughed. "You mean you gave her 'the slip'– as in, you snuck away?"

"Yes–she's taking the kids for a walk, and I told her I was tired." She paused, "I've been waiting to be alone with you."

"Me, too." My heart started to race and my cock sprang to attention. Finally: This was going to happen. I went to open the door, but Johanna held me off.

"Wait–wait." Johanna stuck her tongue out enticingly through the hole in the old door. "I really want to suck you…can I please have my present now?"

I freed my cock and guided it through the hole into her waiting mouth. "Have you been a good girl, or are you on my naughty list?"

"Mmm, Santa." She slurped and sucked the head of my dick. "I think I might be on both lists." We both laughed, but then Johanna really got to work.

I still get hard thinking about the way her tongue teased up and down my shaft. She gave my dick these butterfly kisses that were all followed by another expert tongue flick. And then, with the head of my cock in her mouth, she squeezed her pouty lips together and sucked me like a woman who was enjoying her last meal.

"Oh God–Johanna, oh fuck!" I

"WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT, JOHANNA GRABBED MY COCK AND SLID IT BETWEEN HER TITS."

groaned and braced myself against the doorframe.

She took my dick deep down her throat, sucking and swallowing in perfect rhythm.

"Goddamn, I'm gonna come!"

I tried to pull back, but Johanna held me firm in her mouth until I came. Johanna swallowed every bit of my warm load down, save for a small dribble of come and saliva in the corner of her (now smiling) mouth.

I stood there panting as she released my cock back through the glory hole.

"May I come in now, Santa?" she giggled.

I opened the door and pulled her in for a passionate kiss.

Once more I was thrilled to see that Johanna had "forgotten" to wear a bra with her tight little sweater–I lifted away the soft green cashmere and helped her out of her skirt and panties.

We went over to the futon and I pulled her on top of me so her large milky tits could spill into my mouth while I fingered her wet pussy.

"Mmm," Johanna moaned. "I'm so glad we finally do this!"

I kissed her and said, "Let me give you another gift." I squeezed her ass and flipped us around so I could finally taste her.

Johanna had soft blonde pubes to match her pretty hair. She moaned sweet nothings in her adorable accent as I fingered and licked her. Pleasing Johanna turned me on so much that I was rock-hard again by the time I made her come. But we didn't stop there.

Johanna kissed me and reached for my dick. "I want to feel you deep inside me."

We fucked passionately there on the futon, oblivious to the noise and foot traffic above.

"Oh God, Johanna, you're so fucking hot!"

In response, she sunk her nails into my back and wrapped her legs tighter.

Soon I felt another orgasm building,

so I pulled out—and without missing a beat, Johanna grabbed my cock and slid it between her tits. She finished me off with a slick titty-fuck while sucking and teasing my cockhead. And once more, she let me come in her mouth.

We didn't have long to bask in the afterglow before "Santa" had to make an appearance at the party.

Johanna quickly dressed and planted a kiss on my cheek: "See you up there—and maybe meet you under the tree later?"

"*Ich werde da sein, Fräulein*," I grinned.

She giggled and tossed me the Santa hat.

Out of all the many Christmases that we have been lucky to share since, this is the one that always makes Johanna and I reminisce.

–H.T. via email

COCK CHALLENGE

I hadn't seen him emerge from the gym's pool. When I spotted him, he'd grabbed a towel and was drying his hair. That let me ogle him without him seeing me.

My eyes roved over his firm body. He was taut with muscle but not bulky. His thighs and calves were tightly developed, and he flexed washboard abs. He had a classic swimmer's physique, the male body type that most turned me on.

He was also sporting a pair of snug swim briefs. *Very* snug. Or, really, it was the evident fact that he had a python stashed in them which made them appear especially tight.

My pussy came to slick attention at his lovely cock's bold outline. I could see his girth and made a good guess at what length he achieved when hard. The knob of his cockhead pressed out against the Spandex like a ripe tomato.

Then he pulled the towel off his head, and I saw with a jolt that it was somebody I knew! He was Derek, one of my coworkers.

The shock froze me badly enough that Derek, glancing casually around, had time to catch me with my gaze riveted on him. Recognition flashed in his eyes as well. I was in my own swimsuit. I'd been about to do a set of laps.

Following my eyes, Derek looked down at himself. Maybe he hadn't realized how tight his briefs were or how big his junk was. (That's a laugh. Every guy knows his own size!) But he looked back up with a grin on his face.

Then he started walking toward me.

Panic bit me. Derek and I both worked at a financial firm. It was always weird seeing somebody from work out in the real world. But this situation was further complicated by my having been caught ravaging him with my eyes.

It was even worse than that, actually. When Derek had been hired a month ago, he had asked me out. I'd been in a bad mood over some unrelated thing and had turned him down—and I'd done it pretty coldly.

"Hello, Sonya," he said. "I didn't know this was your gym."

Harmless chitchat. Good, I could do this. "Yeah," I said. "I don't hit it as often as I should."

"Really? You look like you're in great shape to me."

I blushed a little at the compliment, already self-conscious. I'd always thought Derek was good-looking, but I hadn't suspected he had such a smoking body and such a big cock.

Still grinning, he said, "Do you remember when I asked you out? I'm going to give you another chance to say yes to me. I'd like to take you to dinner."

The curt turndown I'd given him before had nagged at me some. As

LETTERS

SUCK A WHAT?

awkward as this encounter was, it seemed like a perfect second chance.

"I say yes to dinner," I smiled. But I was already wondering what might lie beyond dinner. As appealing as he looked in those swim briefs, I wanted to know what he would like look out of them.

It would also be something to see that monster cock of his fully hard.

I silently chided myself for making presumptions and agreed to a date and time to meet Derek. Though all this was embarrassing, I was happy that fate had stepped in. I hadn't met a decent guy in a while. Whatever else, Derek would probably at least be fun flirty company for an evening.

When our date came around, I laid out a nice red dress and some black high heels. Standing naked in front of my bedroom's full-length mirror, I contemplated my underwear choices.

My body had a nice youthful vitality. My tits rode high and firm. I had a narrow waist, and the swells of my ass stuck out enticingly.

I decided that my form deserved to be done up as sexily as possible. I put on a garter belt and sheer pink stockings. I forewent a bra and panties. My dress was long enough that I wasn't going to inadvertently flash anybody.

And if Derek and I ended up in bed tonight, I would be in nothing but these wisps of lingerie. Excitement shivered through me.

Derek picked me up and we went to an upscale restaurant.

"You look very nice," he said.

"So do you." He did, in a button-down shirt and slacks.

I didn't order anything heavy, but the food was delicious when it came. Derek started off with shoptalk, then segued into other subjects. He had an easy manner, and he spoke intelligently. My attraction grew. By the time we were having dessert coffees, I wanted to fuck him.

In my best seductive mode I traced my fingertip over the back of his hand, where it rested beside his coffee cup. I hoped he felt the same tingly thrill at the contact as I did. I had the impression he was attracted to me.

"Did you want the evening to end here?" I asked coquettishly, giving him my sultriest smile.

He smiled back. Then in a blunt voice he said, "If you want me, you'll have to prove you can handle me."

I blinked. "What?" I was caught totally off-guard.

But bigger surprises awaited. "Deep-throat me and I'll do anything you want tonight. Anything."

I gasped. But even as I did so, I was wondering if my wide-open mouth could accommodate his girth. And with that, I realized I would accept his brazen challenge.

We dashed off to his place because it was closer than mine. Anticipation made me quiver. My pussy brimmed, but I made sure my mouth would receive him first.

He led me into his bedroom. His eyes blazed with excitement. Maybe he could barely believe I'd gone along. But he didn't know how badly I wanted his cock.

Without any ceremony, he took off his clothes. I drank in the sight of him. He was already half-hard, and I watched his cock swell and swell. My mouth watered.

I flung aside the red dress, and his hot gaze caressed my flesh. He stood in the middle of the room, his giant cock daring me to approach.

I went to him and knelt. My stockings whispered on the carpeting. I'd seen the occasional porn star endowed like Derek but never any man in real life. Fantasy mixed with reality, making everything in me roil with desire.

My hand rose. I grazed his length with my fingers, loving his skin's velvety softness, the sense of steely hardness beneath. A map of veins squiggled up and down his shaft. His cockhead, at eye level, was a daunting crown of swollen purpled meat.

"Every inch," Derek reminded me unnecessarily.

I had sucked a lot of cock and loved every second of it. But this was going to be a feat—if I could even do it. He stuck

straight out, the very weight of his shaft giving his cock a slight downward tilt toward the tip. That was where I was going to start.

I wrapped my hand around him. My middle fingertip and thumb could barely meet. There was room enough for *both* my hands on him, but with my other I cradled his balls. He let out a soft moan.

My wet lips melted over his cockhead. I flicked my tongue through his piss-slit and tasted his salty pre-come. I wondered how big a load this monster shot, then rebuked myself. If I didn't manage to properly blow him, I would never know.

I felt my mouth stretching, keeping my teeth carefully tucked behind my lips. I tried to swallow all of his knob. It seemed for several seconds like my jaw simply wouldn't acclimate. Then both hinges gave a faint pop, and I was open wide enough.

Pausing with that fat head in my mouth, I assessed the situation. I had expert control of my gag reflex, but I wasn't sure if I could fit his crown into my throat. It might not be anatomically feasible. But I was determined. Derek said he would do anything I wanted if I deep-throated him. I wanted to win that prize!

I moved my head forward. Derek groaned. I took his next three inches without any problem. Then his bloated cockhead was pressing at the top of my throat. Here was the ultimate challenge.

Breathing steady and deep through my nose, I sought to relax my throat

"I HAD NEVER PUSHED MYSELF SO INTENSELY FOR ANY SEX ACT."

muscles. I held my head at the most helpful angle. The flavor and mass of him filled my mouth.

I was fighting against instincts that told me I was choking. But the excitement of this act won out. My pussy was streaming as I sucked in more of him, centimeter by centimeter now. He pushed into my throat. My neck muscles strained.

"Oh fuck! That's so good–"

I turned my eyes upward and saw his face twisted in ecstasy. It occurred to me only then that probably no woman ever in his life had sucked him all the way down, not with his size. I didn't doubt that he had a fun and active sex life, but quite possibly nobody had done for him what I was doing. And I wasn't even finished yet.

Now I was a woman possessed. I was going to take this whole mambo, goddamnit, see if I didn't!

I felt every further increment of intrusion into my throat as my mouth continued its forward motion. My tongue worked his shaft reflexively. My breathing was more urgent, and my pulse was thumping in my ears.

Another inch. Still one more to go. I'd taken my hand off his shaft. An ache started up along my jawline. Cable-taut muscles were quivering on my neck. My eyes actually started to water from the extreme nature of this erotic undertaking. I had never pushed myself so intensely for any sex act.

An animal growl came from me. It was a low rumbling in my belly.

With a final crazy lunge, I suddenly had my nose pressed against him. Every last inch of him was in me. My mouth was strained beyond endurance, but I held him, glorying in my victory.

That was when he gave a mighty howl and started *gushing*.

I didn't panic at the deluge. With his cockhead deep in my throat I didn't even have to swallow his spunk. He blasted it straight to my stomach.

He finally staggered back, dropping to his knees. I gasped for breath for several minutes. When I could focus again, he was grinning at me.

I grinned back.

Then I told him what I wanted him to do.

–S.W., Sacramento, CA

Mail your letter to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department T, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311. Or you can email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

LOVE GUN

JESSA WANTS TO TEACH JOHN ALL ABOUT HER FAVORITE NEW TOY.

JESSA & JOHN

“GIVE ME MY LOVE GUN!”

—JESSA

MAID OF DISHONOR

A few weeks back I stood as a groomsman at my college roommate's wedding. Though I knew most of the groomsmen, I didn't meet any of the bridesmaids until the night before at the rehearsal dinner.

Right away, the maid of honor caught my eye. Her long, dark hair hung low on her back, brushing wide hips that gave way to a plump, perky ass.

I made my way to the bar, intent to lay the groundwork for a post-wedding tryst before any of the other asshole groomsmen could get in my way.

Of course, nothing good comes easy. I was halfway to the bar when my buddy's grandmother caught sight of me. Intercepted by a boisterous bubby, I found myself being led away from the bar and onto the dance floor.

The bridesmaid and I shared a few flirtatious smiles throughout the night, but it wasn't until after the ceremony the following evening that I found myself standing beside the enigmatic beauty.

I sidled up next to her at the bar, joining the other bridesmaids in taking a celebratory shot. While the rest of the crew gagged and coughed after downing their whiskey, Gia took it like a pro.

"I like a woman who can swallow," I murmured in her ear.

"I bet you do," she replied. Turning to face me, she asked, "What else do you like?"

Leaning back, I allowed my eyes to travel down Gia's body slowly, taking in her face, breasts, and the hourglass dip of her waist before landing on her ass. Smirking, I responded, "Something I can sink my teeth into."

Gia arched one thin ebony brow. "Well, we can take care of that during cocktail hour."

Grabbing my hand, Gia turned from the bar and walked toward the hallway that opened to a small atrium where cocktail hour was well underway. But instead of making a left into the area where food was being served, Gia banged a right, heading out the frosted glass doors that led to the gardens.

The venue's sprawling lawn became deserted after the sunset. Now the property was cast in shadows—the perfect cover for two people seeking some privacy.

We hurried down the walkway, pausing in front of a massive weeping willow that grew from the center of the garden. Making a snap decision, I pulled Gia behind the tree, hiding us from view.

Sweeping my fingers over Gia's back, I searched for the long ribbons that secured the straps of her dress. When I finally felt the silken ties slip against the pads of my fingers, I gave them a fierce tug, watching with satisfaction as the top of Gia's dress dropped to expose her breasts.

Placing my hands on her waist, I walked Gia backward until her butt bumped against the tree trunk. By now the bodice of her dress had fallen to her hips, leaving Gia's entire torso exposed.

Stepping back, I allowed myself a moment to take in the sight before me. The moonlight reflected off of Gia's skin, accentuating every dip and curve. I brushed my fingers over the slivers of shadow cast over her body, using the dark lines to trace a path along her skin.

When I reached the tips of Gia's breasts, her nipples hard and pointed, she closed her eyes and tilted her head back with a sigh.

Never one to resist a woman with large, sensitive breasts, I continued to massage Gia's globes, cupping her in my palm as I rubbed my thumbs over her nipples.

The harder I worked Gia's nipples, the more she moaned and bucked beneath me. The muted glow of the moon provided all the light I needed to see that my fingers left Gia's nipples red and swollen.

Still, Gia wanted more. She whimpered and groaned, thrusting her breasts into my hands as she begged

me not to stop.

Dipping my head, I lifted one breast to my mouth, drawing her nipple between my lips and sucking.

"Yesss," Gia groaned. She wound her fingers through my hair, pulling my head hard against her chest.

Determined to keep those sounds of pleasure coming, I dragged my teeth over one turgid bud and rolled the other between my fingers.

"More," Gia groaned.

Locking her arms around my neck, Gia mounted me with a hop. She wound her legs around my waist and locked her ankles behind my back.

Needing a bit of assistance to keep my hands free to explore Gia's body, I backed her up against the tree, allowing the trunk to provide the support I needed.

Leaving one hand cupped beneath Gia's ass for support, I leaned back just enough to slip my other hand between our bodies. Though there was hardly a hair's width between us, I quickly found Gia's nipple with my fingertips. But instead of providing the intense pressure Gia so clearly craved, I kept my touch light, gently brushing my fingers over the hot, engorged flesh.

"Enough," Gia groaned.

She unwrapped her legs from my waist and lowered herself to the ground, her feet landing with a soft crunch.

Gia's next move nearly brought me to my knees. She bent over and flipped the silken skirt of her gown over her back, exposing her bare, round ass. Leaning forward, she rested her hands on the tree trunk, arching her back and holding her ass up like an offering.

"Prove you're the Best Man," she murmured. "Spank me."

My dick twitched within the confining fabric of my boxer briefs.

Gia's lush ass was lifted high, making her rounded cheeks look like rolling hills. I traced her curves using the tip of my finger—up and down into her crevice, then up and down again like a roller coaster

"SHE WOUND HER LEGS AROUND MY WAIST AND LOCKED HER ANKLES BEHIND MY BACK."

that promised a screaming good time.

Growing impatient, Gia shifted her weight from one foot to the other, causing her cheeks to ripple and shake.

It was a distracting scene, one that had my erection pressing against the hidden fly of my tuxedo pants, demanding to be allowed out to join the fun.

I placed a steadying palm on Gia's ass cheek and bent over so that my lips brushed her ear. "Shaking your ass in my face isn't going to make me move any faster," I warned.

Though Gia didn't verbally confirm that she heard me, she did stop shaking.

Satisfied, I stroked my palm over her cheek, warming the skin to a pretty shade of pink. After I was done with one cheek I moved to the other, stroking her skin until my hand grew hot.

Not ready to pull away, I gave her ass a squeeze, enjoying the way my fingertips sank into her softness. Finally, I bent my head and laid a kiss on her cheek, followed by a quick little bite—she did say she had something to sink my teeth into, after all.

Ready to see Gia's ass shake on my own terms, I decided it was time for that spanking she'd requested. Thinking I would start out slowly, I lifted my hand a few inches and laid a light tap on her cheek, producing a ripple effect similar to a stone landing in a lake.

"Mmm, more," she moaned.

Happy to oblige, I rained a series of light smacks on both cheeks. Rather than commit to a pattern, I picked a new place for my hand to land each time, enjoying the little gasps of surprise that came from Gia after every slap.

Gia's cries of pleasure pushed me to bring my hand down harder each time. It didn't hurt that every time my hand connected with Gia's ass, her cheeks would jiggle. God, how I loved how Gia's ass jiggled. I'd slap her seven ways to Sunday just to see that ass shake.

Even when her skin turned from light pink to red, Gia still wanted more—and so did I.

LETTERS

PURSUIT & CAPTURE

Spurred by impatience, I tore at the clasp that kept my pants closed, tugging at the waistband until the zipper gave way as well. Then I let the pants fall around my ankles, not giving a shit if they became covered in dirt.

There was no need to remove my boxers; my hard cock had already sprung free. Reaching into my tuxedo jacket, I pulled out a condom and tore the packet open with my teeth. Placing one hand on Gia's ass to brace myself, I used the other to roll the condom down my shaft.

Protection in place, there was nothing holding me back now. I plowed into Gia, enjoying how her walls hugged my dick before relaxing, opening up so that I could bury myself to the hilt.

Placing one hand on either hip, I curled my fingers into Gia, holding on as I pistoned into her. Wanting to feel Gia grow tight like when I first slid inside her, I laid another hard slap on her ass.

I'm not sure what was louder: the crack of my hand connecting with Gia's skin or the pleasure-drunk scream that ripped from her chest.

That did it. I was unhinged, absolutely consumed with a need to come inside Gia's tight pussy.

I slid one hand around to Gia's front and slipped between her thighs, seeking out her clit to make her come apart. Pressing the pads of my fingers to the little button, I used the natural juices collecting between Gia's legs to aid in my massage. The more I rubbed, the tighter Gia's pussy became, her walls rippling and spasming over my shaft.

A sweat broke on my brow and my balls grew tight. Gritting my teeth, I pumped into Gia harder, making her ass press flush against my pelvis with every thrust.

I was close now, careening toward the finish with Gia by my side. Knowing I wouldn't last much longer, I landed one final slap on Gia's ass.

Gia's back arched, her body tight as a bow. Her pussy grew tight as a vise, but the hot fluid pouring from her core ensured that I could slide in and out with ease.

As the aftershocks of Gia's orgasm rolled over my dick, I abandoned what little self-control I had left, pounding into her pussy until my come shot into the condom in long, hot spurts.

Panting and exhausted, I pulled Gia to my chest and turned to the tree, slumping against its trunk for support.

Gia turned in my arms and gave me a quick kiss. Already steady on her feet, she backed away and straightened her dress.

"Come find me if you're feeling hungry again," she said with a wink.

Then she crossed the lawn and went back inside alone, which was just as well. Staying apart in public made it much less suspicious when we disappeared to the bridal suite later that night.

–L.J., via email

WATER SPORTS

About twenty-odd years ago, I was a junior member of an Ivy League college hockey team in New York State that had very a bitter rivalry with another Ivy League team near Boston. Tensions ran extremely high on both sides leading up to those match-ups. The fans of the other team would try and tie chickens (dead or alive) to our goalposts between periods; we would retaliate by throwing dead fish on the visitors' side of the ice.

This past summer, I attended a reunion weekend at my alma mater, and naturally I stopped in at the old rink to look around and reminisce. Amidst my humorous recollections of living for game nights, post-game parties, and beating up preppy boys from Boston, I started to think about Sheila again.

An occasional hockey player herself in he women's intramural team, Sheila was slender and a natural redhead with that perfect "peaches and cream" complexion. She was the subject of many lurid jerkoff fantasies back then–and not just for me. Sheila had mad

charisma and a wicked sense of humor. Plus, unlike the other "puck bunnies" who were just there to pick up on the guys, Sheila was somehow able to walk that line between "cool sporty chick" at the rink and "bombshell goddess" off the ice. We all secretly wanted her.

Alas, Sheila had a boyfriend—Brendon, who also happened to be our team captain at the time. This meant she was totally out of reach—or so I thought.

She and I ran in the same social circles, so I'd see her at parties and exchange hellos with her and Brendon. I never would've dared to make a move on her, as I was pretty shy back then, too. I started playing defense and am 5'6"—I wasn't exactly one of the hulking giants from Ontario on our team exuding confidence. Ergo, I mostly slept with freshman girls or the occasional sophomore puck bunny.

However, one night I was at a party and went upstairs to use the bathroom when I heard Sheila and Brendon arguing. I hung back and waited, listening as he grabbed his gym bag and keys. He stormed past me without realizing I was there and went slamming out the front door. I found Sheila by herself standing at the end of the hallway.

"Oh—hey, Patrick," she said, clearing her throat. I could tell that she was almost going to cry.

"Hey." I paused. "Are you OK?"

Sheila nodded. "Yeah, no—it was just a stupid argument. But," she paused, "if you're OK to drive, do you think I could have a ride home?"

"Yeah—of course, no problem."

I did the "nice guy" thing and drove her home safe, listening to her talk. Nothing happened other than the fact that by the time I let her out, my crush on her had grown.

Unfortunately, news of my chivalrous deed reached Brendon just before the big game. But instead of directly confronting me about allegedly hitting on his girlfriend, he did these bitchy little passive-aggressive things on the ice during practice to see if he could get me going.

"SHE GROUND HER PUSSY INTO MY FACE, GETTING MORE TURNED-ON BY THE SECOND."

I managed to keep my cool initially, but, well, it was only a matter of time. We were about halfway into the first period of the big game, and it was time for my shift change. I was skating back, and the dickhead tripped me. Being twenty-one and lacking impulse control, I punched him, and it took two refs to pull us apart. Everyone who had come to the game expecting a big fight with the other team was shocked. However, since Brendon was the golden boy and I was the rookie, he got a ten-minute penalty while I got benched for the remainder of the game.

"Go on—get out of here and cool off," the coach said. "We'll talk later."

I was so pissed that I slammed my helmet down on the locker-room floor and punched the wall. I was getting sent home when I'd worked all season for this game—and for what? Some jealous loser?

I had stripped off my jersey and pads when I heard the door open.

"Go away!" I bellowed.

"Patrick? It's me, Sheila."

I froze and took a second to compose myself. "I'm sorry, I uh—"

"—yeah, I know." She patted me on the shoulder. "I feel like this is my fault."

"No, not at all. I shouldn't have lost it."

Sheila inhaled: "Well, you have every right to. Brendon's a dick; I dumped him this morning."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The "power couple" of our little hockey world was finished. "Oh. I'm sorry—well, I mean, I'm not sorry, actually. Just as long as you're OK."

"I am." Sheila smiled. "And you might have something to do with that."

"Me?"

"Yeah. That night you took me home, I realized that it's time I started seeing nice guys, not these selfish macho meatheads." Sheila stepped closer to me. "And I feel bad that you're missing this game, so I hope you'll let me make it up to you?"

"Really?" I couldn't believe my eyes—or my ears.

Sheila leaned in and kissed me, and suddenly the noise from the crowded arena dissipated; only our little corner of the men's locker room existed. All I could hear was my heart pounding with adrenaline and the sound of her

moaning as I kissed down her neck.

She lifted off her shirt and unhooked her bra. Her nipples were like little pink strawberries, and her lips above were the sweet jam that I wanted to spread all over my body.

My cock was already so hard it felt like it was going to tear a hole through my hockey shorts.

"Oh my God," I blurted out.

Sheila giggled and tousled my hair. "Don't worry, Patrick. I've got this." She nudged me to sit down on the bench and then got on her knees.

What followed remains one of the most memorable blowjobs of my life. Sheila took my swollen member out of my shorts and began to lick the shaft like a popsicle. One hand cradled my balls, which she planted occasional kisses on, while her other hand stroked down the base of my cock.

I strained to keep myself from coming; the sweat dripped down my chest, even more so than if I'd be skating.

"Oh God, Sheila–" I tried to catch my breath.

Mercifully, she pulled back. "It's OK." She kissed me and stood up. "Why don't we head into the shower?"

I helped her out of her jeans and boots, and we streaked into the showers, holding hands, giggling.

I turned on the water and started worshiping her body. I savored her nipples in my mouth, sucking and pinching them until they stood up like little gumdrops.

"Oh, yes! Patrick, don't stop…" Sheila moaned as I knelt down and kissed my way down her navel to that sweet peachy red patch of fuzz above her pussy.

"I LIFTED HER UP AND ENTERED HER STANDING THERE IN THE SHOWER."

Balancing on one leg, Sheila leaned against the wall of the shower as I probed her sweet snatch with my tongue. She ground her pussy into my face, getting more turned-on by the second.

Her moaning was music to my ears– how many times had I dreamed about having her? I stopped to catch my breath and look up at the sight of her soaking-wet naked body.

Sheila met my gaze and smiled: "You can't stop now, you know."

"I wasn't going to." I planted another kiss on her adorable peach fuzz patch.

I slid two fingers inside her and licked her clit, which shortly caused her whole body to quake with orgasm. After she came for me, we kissed again. I lifted her up and entered her standing there in the shower.

"Oh, my God!" Sheila dug her nails into my back.

"You like this?"

"Mmm, yes! Fuck me harder, Patrick!"

I pumped as hard as fast as I could. At no point did I even hesitate or worry about someone walking in–Sheila's pussy clenching my cock was the whole world in that moment–even hockey didn't exist.

When it became too intense for us to continue fucking standing up, Sheila had me sit back down on a nearby bench and rode me so dirty. I loved seeing her tits bounce up and down and the way she wiggled her hips. I couldn't tell you how much time passed, but she quenched both of our desires.

Sheila came before I did and collapsed on my chest, panting and still soaking-wet from the shower. Her pussy clamped down on my dick with a vise grip, and almost immediately thereafter, I shot my load deep inside of her.

Afterwards, we stepped into the shower again to wash up for real–and then reality caught up.

"Shit, what time is it?" Sheila asked.

"Oh, God, we better hurry up. It'll be intermission soon."

Sheila and I threw on our clothes and grabbed my stuff–in just enough time to be seen by my teammates (and her ex) walking out of the locker room together with incriminating wet hair.

All the guys wanted dirty details, of course. But I wouldn't say a word–and my silence on the subject fueled the rumor mill even more. Naturally, Brendon wanted to kill me, but he graduated that year and moved–which paved the way for my good friend and I to become the new captain and co-captain, respectively.

Sheila and I stayed friends after our encounter, but then we lost touch the following year when she graduated and moved to the UK.

I sat on the bench inside my old locker room, reeling from the visceral memory of our lust. I wondered how I managed to let that one get away. And where was she now?

As I walked down the long hallway leading out to the ice, out of nowhere the redheaded answer to my question appeared in the flesh; and she was even more beautiful than I had remembered.

"I saw your name on the alumni listserv. And the guy on the Zamboni said you were back here." She smiled at me.

You better believe we rushed back to the locker room–and then to my hotel–for a marathon catch-up session that went into overtime.

–K.L. via email

HIGHWAY TO SEX

Jazmine knew it was big thing she was asking me to do for her. What she didn't know was that I thought she was the hottest woman on the planet, and if she needed somebody to help her move clear out to the coast, I was her man.

"Oh, Sal, this is so cool of you!" She flung her arms around me, her lithe body pressing mine for one wonderful moment.

A thrill went through me, but I was glad she backed off before my growing hard-on became too prominent. After all, I didn't want to skeeve her out. We were friends.

But, man, if she ever wanted to fuck me...

I helped her pack her apartment into the back of a modest-sized moving van. Jazmine was relocating to Seattle, where a pro-level job in her chosen field had suddenly opened up.

But she wasn't rich yet, and couldn't afford to hire anyone to drive her car for her while she piloted the moving van halfway across the continent.

"Are you sure you don't want me to take the van?" I asked.

She paused on the step below the driver's-side door. She was dressed in a loose T-shirt and shorts that hugged her delectable backside.

"Don't think I can handle something this big?" she asked. She patted the side of the truck, somehow making the gesture unbearably sexy.

I heard myself blurt, "I think you could handle *any* size." What the hell had I just said?!

But Jazmine grinned. She said, "Maybe I'll prove that to you, Sally."

Sally. She only called me that when she wanted to be a brat. But as her words sank in, she leaped in the van, slammed the door, and took off.

I hopped in her two-door and drove after her.

My blood was racing. *Maybe I'll prove that to you*. Was that statement as provocative as it sounded? I knew Jazmine could sling a double-entendre with the best of them, but there seemed a deeper deliberate meaning there.

Maybe--just maybe--she was hot for me too. After all I'd always been too chickenshit to tell her how I felt.

We set out in the morning. Now it was midday, and we were well outside the city, on a westward highway. I'd gotten a week off of work, and this seemed like a good way to spend it. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen the countryside.

Jazmine and I kept in touch via cell phones with great roaming plans. We were always in sight of each other on the road, usually with me tucked right in behind her. She handled the van expertly.

The driving became hypnotic. Talking to Jazmine on the cell was a welcome distraction. We coordinated rest stop and meal breaks.

In the late afternoon we got onto a multi-lane road with only a few other vehicles in view. I saw the van pulling away. I was about to call Jazmine and ask what she was doing when my phone chimed. I hit speaker.

"C'mon, Sally! Can't you keep it up?

LETTERS

PURSUIT & CAPTURE

"THERE SHE WAS BEHIND THE WHEEL, WITH ONE HAND RAKING THE T-SHIRT UP TO HER CHIN."

Oops, sorry. I meant, can't you keep up with me?" The moving van was hurtling away now. She was really giving it some gas.

I was about to caution her to slow down, then thought, what the hell. What was life without risk? To the phone I said, "Watch out, Jazz. I'm going to be riding right up onto your butt!"

My foot pressed her car's accelerator. I looked around as I jumped forward. No sign of any Highway Patrol. Good. I really wanted to catch up to her--pass her, even.

To do that I changed lanes, crept up on her left. She was still gunning the van. I gained ground, though. Soon I was sliding up her flank. I figured I'd make an obscene gesture when I was alongside.

What happened instead was that Jazmine showed me her tits.

There she was behind the wheel, with one hand raking the T-shirt up to her chin. Her firm beautiful breasts, creamy globes tipped with pink nipples, were on full display. She'd even turned in her seat to make sure I got a serious eyeful.

"Holy fuck!" I cried.

"You like that, Sally?" I could see her mouth move as the words came over my cell.

Somehow I kept my wheel steady. The sight of her bare tits was unbelievably lovely and exciting. I wanted to touch them, wanted to put my mouth on those succulent nipples...

As if reading my mind, she tweaked one nip, then the other. Even though I was in a different vehicle, I could see them stiffen.

"Catch up, Sally. I'll have a real treat for you next time." With that she raced the van faster still, and I fell behind again.

Desire swirled in me. My cock was painfully hard in my jeans. Needing relief, I undid the fly and zipper. My meat sprang out, nearly reaching up to the bottom of the steering wheel.

I seriously put the pedal to the metal now, chasing her. Traffic remained sparse, and we were outdistancing everyone else anyway.

A few minutes later I pulled alongside her again. This time the T-shirt was completely off. Fresh excitement shivered through me. My cock throbbed, and I automatically put my hand on it.

In the van's cab Jazmine grinned. "Yeah," she said over the phone, "touch your cock while you look at me."

I could only make a groaning noise. She had a hand between her legs. I saw her shoulder moving as her arm worked. Her pretty face twisted with pleasure. "Look what you're making me do to myself!" With that she let out a sharp squeal. I was pulling seriously on my shank now.

Jazmine raised her hand. Her three middle fingers glistened. She put the fingers into her mouth. Her pink tongue licked the digits clean of her pussy juice.

In a husky voice she said, "You want a taste of that too...Sal?"

Sal, not Sally. She wasn't teasing. I hoped to *fuck* she wasn't teasing. All I could do was nod frantically. She saw.

She made for an exit, and I followed her off the highway, turning onto a back road. The day was waning, evening coming on. The surrounding land was wild, lots of trees and open prairies.

She turned the van into a dirt road that seemed to end under some thick foliage. I pulled in behind and cut the engine.

I got out on shaky legs. My cock was still out, too hard to stuff back into my jeans. My heart raced. My body sang with desire. The oncoming night was warm.

Jazmine got out of the van. She wore nothing but her sneakers now. She carried a blanket, which she spread on the ground. She was grinning.

It seemed like a good point for me to become naked as well. I got out of my clothes, came over to where she'd laid down on the blanket. I couldn't help but

say, “I’ve wanted to do this with you for so long, Jazmine.”

Softly she said, “I’ve wanted it too, Sal.”

I lay down with her, and we took each other in our arms. Her skin was amazingly smooth, like satin. Her body fit perfectly against mine. Her breasts pressed on me, nipples still delightfully stiff.

We kissed. It started out soft, then slipped easily into something deeper, more urgent. Her tongue batted against mine. Our lips smeared together. My hand roved her back and the succulent curve of her hip, then I slipped it between us to close it over her tit.

She had an exploratory hand on my ass. As I squeezed her breast, she moved the hand between our bodies and took a tight grip on my cock. I moaned into her mouth.

I wanted to taste her, but she wanted the same of me. Luckily nature had a solution. I lay on my back, and she got on top, straddling me in reverse. Gazing up through the golden twilight, her pussy was a gorgeous gleaming crescent suspended just over my mouth.

She bent her knees and lowered herself onto me. At the same instant the warmth of her mouth engulfed my swollen cockhead. Pleasure jumped through me as I slipped my tongue along her dripping groove. She tasted like nectar. I was immediately hungry for more, and for the deepest flavors of her.

Her mouth moved down my shaft. I felt the agile swirling of her tongue. She was holding my balls in one hand, kneading softly, sending sparking thrills through me.

I licked her outer lips. Then I put my hands on her hips and pulled her pussy down harder onto my mouth. I jabbed my tongue up into her, and the way her body jerked on top of me told me she liked it. She also let out a mewling moan that gave my cock some fantastic humjob stimulation.

My tongue tip probed deeper. Juices ran onto my chin. I was filled with the flavor and aroma and texture of her. Now she started humping onto my face, her hips moving almost spastically. I bathed her swelled clit with my tongue. Her mouth was rising and falling on my cock, a perfect sucking rhythm. Her lips stayed sealed around me, her tongue darting like an eel.

Suddenly she fairly mashed her pussy on me. Her mouth came off me, and she let out a yowl of pure pleasure. The orgasmic ripples shook her body, then slowly eased.

She rolled off me. I sat up, my cock shining with her spit. The dazed look on her face suddenly focused as her eyes met mine. She lay back on her elbows and spread her legs, knees raised. She was breathing hard, the anticipation rising and rising. I knew just how she felt.

“Fuck me, Sal. Fuck me like I always wanted you to.”

I got between her thighs and slotted myself into her slick welcoming hole. Instant bliss spread over me. I started stroking into her. Nerve clusters came alive everywhere in my body. My cock throbbed, my balls hummed, my very skin felt animated with joy just to be in contact with this lovely creature.

She coaxed me to fuck her harder. I slammed her. I pounded her pussy. She writhed with every thrust, lifting her hips. A grin of sexual frenzy striped her face. Joy became rapture in me, and I raced headlong toward my come.

When I jetted deep into her, she thrashed beneath me, her answering climax furious. My head swam, and I collapsed onto her. She held me tight.

She never called me Sally again. And I spent the rest of the week with her in her new Seattle apartment.

–P.G. Houston, Texas

Do you love the chase as much as the catch? Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

BREAKFAST IN BED

CHRISTIANA AND KENNA PREFER TO HAVE EACH OTHER FOR THEIR MORNING MEAL.

"JUST MAKING A WOMAN COME SENDS ME OVER THE EDGE."

—CHRISTIANA

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TOPCO SALES®

SHOP GIRL

Who knew that vintage shoes could kick start an intense streak of passion?

By Pamela Sommer

Eddie walked in when I was head-first and waist-deep in a pallet box of vintage clothes I'd won online in an auction. I was rummaging to the bottom to determine how many items would be suited for my small vintage shop.

I I didn't hear him come in; I just felt his hand slide along the swell of my ass, bunching my dress up as he went.

"This is a nice view."

I stood up, hair swirling around my face in a cloud, clutching a lone saddle shoe in one hand and a stacked-heel sandal in the other. One looked circa 1950 something; the sandal screamed 80s. "What—my ass in the air?"

He grabbed me and kissed me. "You know it. It's one of the best sights there is."

He eyed my mismatched prizes and cocked an eyebrow. "What's this?"

"Inventory. I hope. This needs a mate, and so does this one!"

"What size?" he asked, a curious look in his eye.

I shrugged and thrust the shoes at him. "You tell me." Then I dove back in to see what I could find. A minute or two later, I came up with the matches for the shoes and an entirely new pair, a pair of wooden-heeled slingbacks with big buckles from the 70s. I was victorious.

"Eight," he said when I surfaced.

"Eight what?"

"These are eights," he said, waving the shoes at me. "And these are…" He checked the 70s slingbacks in my hand. "Eights also." He smiled. It was a smile I didn't recall ever seeing on his face.

"Why the grin?"

"You're an eight," he said.

I shook my head, laughing at his weirdness. "And…?"

The shop was shut for the day but he went to the front door, flipped the sign to CLOSED, and lowered the little frilly blind.

He came back toward me and put the saddle shoes in my hand. "Put these on. I want to fuck you while you wear them."

I scoffed at first, then studied his face. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes bright, and most importantly, when I let my glance slide lower, his cock was hard. I held the shoes in one hand and slid my other hand along his crotch,

"HE KISSED ME, HARD AND DESPERATE, AND NIPPED MY LOWER LIP."

letting my fingers play along the bulge behind his zipper.

He reached out and hauled me forward with a rough hand behind my neck. He kissed me, hard and desperate, and nipped my lower lip. My pussy responded with a wet urgent pleasure. Whatever this was, I was in.

I glanced around the store and found what I was looking for, a little pair of bobby socks I'd gotten at a thrift store. I was willing to lose the ten bucks I was asking for this. I put them on slowly, letting Eddie watch and—more importantly—wait. Then I put the saddle shoes on just as slowly.

I had worn a pretty, long-sleeved, full-skirted, red-and-black retro dress with a full skirt. The shoes went surprisingly well with the ensemble.

I dug an elastic band out from behind the sales counter and pulled my hair up in a jaunty ponytail. I was ready for the sock hop.

"How's this?"

He didn't answer me; he just got an intense look in his eye and came toward me fast. He wrapped his arms around me, tugged the very end of the ponytail so my insides jumped with excitement, and kissed me. He nipped my lower lip again and I suddenly found myself desperate to have him inside me, moving fast, fucking me.

He hiked me up onto the counter, making me squeal. He pushed my dress up around my waist, running his fingers along my inner thighs so I jumped around from the sensation. "Sit still," he said, reaching the top of my thigh. His fingers skated along the elastic around the leg holes of my panties. His finger nudged the cleft of my pussy. I gasped and he put his mouth on mine, swallowing the sound.

"I can't. It kinda tickles."

"Does this tickle?" He pushed his fingers inside my underwear and stroked my wet slit. When I wiggled, he inched his finger inside my pussy, waiting until I reacted. Then he pushed it a bit further.

"No," I managed. "That doesn't tickle."

"Good." He slid his finger all the way in, curling it, moving it to see what kind of noises he could evoke from me.

I wrapped my legs around his waist, letting my saddle shoes smack together so he could hear. "I really need you to

fuck me," I said.

"You don't want me to eat your pussy first?"

"Not this time. This time, I just…I want you."

"I like your shoes," he said, looking down when I let them dangle and kick against the front of the counter.

"I like your big dick," I said.

Eddie growled and shoved my dress up all the way. He tugged at my panties and I lifted my hips, letting him take them off. He undid his pants and pushed them down. His cock sprang free and I lifted my foot and rested the tip of my shoe on his thigh. He ran a finger along the place where the black and white leather met. I dropped my foot, parted my thighs further, and let him look at me. Red, flushed, swollen… beyond fucking ready.

He moved closer, grabbing my hips and tugging me toward him so that my ass was on the edge of the smooth, cool counter. Outside a snow plow went past, making its grinding noises. Dusk was falling.

He plunged into me, his cock hard and long. The angle was perfect and the excitement of this unexpected encounter helped even more. He stayed deep inside me, executing slow thrusts that drove him even deeper. His hands cupped my ass. His mouth caressed my throat.

"You're so wet," he said, moving back to bite my breast through my dress. My nipple went tight and hard and he started sucking it through the fabric.

The sensation traveled from breast to cunt, and when he plunged into me again, I came, echoing his words, "I'm so…wet."

I hooked my legs behind his back, clicking the leather shoes together again so he was reminded they were there.

He held me tight then, fucking me fervently, and when he came he bit my neck before muttering, "Jesus" and then laughing.

He reared back to kiss me.

"That was good," I said. I clenched my still-tender pussy around his softening cock. "Like really good."

He kissed me again. "Yes. I agree. Maybe you should keep that pair."

I nodded. "If you say so, handsome."

I glanced over his shoulder at the other two pairs he'd been admiring. I had plans for them.

The next day we made plans to do lunch. He'd bring something to the shop and we'd sit in my tiny back room done up in the finest vintage 50s kitchen gear. I often opened it to customers for coffee and donuts, but today I was closing for lunch. I had also changed my clothes upon arriving at the store.

When Eddie walked in, I was in the kitchen area and I yelled, "Flip the sign and lock the door, please."

I heard him laugh. "What, are we afraid someone is going to steal our kung pao chi—" he broke off in mid-sentence when he saw me.

I wore an off-the-shoulder bubble

EROTICA

dress circa 1980-something and the stacked wedge heels. I did a little model pose, curled my very 80s crimped hair around my finger, and blew a big pink bubble with my gum.

"Like, I was thinking, that like…maybe we could eat after we fucked."

He dropped the sack of food on the table and took off his suit jacket. A shiver went through me at how fast he undressed.

He ran his hands along the turquoise cotton dress, studying it, then undid the buttons and pulled it over my head carefully, so as not to disturb the big black-and-white polka dot bow in my hair.

Beneath, I was bare.

"Fuck," he said, staring at me as I stood there in my bow, my funky geometric dangle earrings, and my stacked wedge heels. Nothing more.

I pushed his chest until he took the hint and took a step back. He sat in one of the red upholstered chrome chairs and I got on my knees between his spread legs. I lowered my mouth, painted a cotton-candy pink with flavored lip gloss, onto his rigid cock and swallowed him down.

I was so turned-on, my pussy thumped wetly with a steady pulse of its own. I pushed my mouth down his shaft, challenging myself to take him all the way. I inhaled deeply and did just that. I felt his tip brush the back of my throat. I moaned, and it made Eddie moan. I put my hand between my thighs, rubbing my clit with slick fingers. I shoved them in my pussy, arching my fingers against my G-spot, feeling that sensation of pressure and fullness and pleasure. I went back to rubbing my clit as I sucked him off. I ran my fist up and down his spit-slick shaft and thumbed the tip of his cock, spreading his pre-come along the cap.

I played my tongue along the ridges of his erection and sighed when he buried his hand in my hair, pushed my head down, and thrusted upward to fill my mouth.

I hovered on the edge of coming, getting myself right there, then backing off so that my body was in a beautiful state of torture.

Eddie pulled my hair to move my head and stood up quickly, a penetrating look in his eyes. He spun me and I let out a little whoop, my hair flying as I moved. He planted my hands on the Formica tabletop and knocked my stance wide with his knee. Wetness from my pussy made the tops of my thighs slick. My breath caught, my heart pounded. I was beyond horny and I wanted him in me that instant.

He didn't make me wait long. He grabbed my hips and pushed into me. I stood on my tiptoes even in my stacked shoes. I glanced back and caught him in my peripheral vision, holding my hips, rocking into me, staring down at my lovely 80s footwear.

"Your legs look amazing in those shoes," he grunted.

I squeezed my pussy tightly around him and laughed. "Our sex is amazing when I'm in these shoes."

He nodded. He bent over me, flattened his torso to my back, and his mouth came down on my shoulder. He licked me, kissed me, and finally bit me. I felt my pussy contract around him and I muttered, "Again. Do that again."

He did it again and I slid my hand underneath to touch my clitoris. His big body pushed so much air out of me I felt lightheaded, but the angle was perfect and with every thrust he hit my G-spot. I rubbed my clit with trembling fingers and when he bit me again, I came so hard my heels raised out of my sexy 80s shoes.

He straightened up, planted a hand on the small of my back, and fucked me so hard the table jiggled across the floor inch by inch. I raised my right leg, letting the shoe brush his calf and that was that. Eddie came with a bellow that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

He rested his mouth against my shoulder before straightening and helping me stand. "That was amazing," he said.

"You think I need this pair, too?" I asked coyly.

"Maybe we just hang onto them for a little while."

I laughed. "Maybe."

"Now we eat? I'm starving!"

I nodded, putting my dress back on and attempting to fix my hair. "Me, too."

As we ate Chinese food, I was already plotting my final ensemble in my mind. I'd gotten quite a bit of stock from that pallet of clothing, but I'd gotten a spectacular unexpected bonus—amazing sex.

The following day was a big holiday sidewalk sale for my store and the surrounding shops. When I reminded Eddie of that, his face fell. I pulled on a retro chick pantsuit and smiled. I knew he was thinking of those wooden slingback heels. And so was I. I'd already handled it, but he didn't need to know.

"Which reminds me, after you show that house today, will you be coming home early?"

"Yeah. I have nothing after that. Why? You want me to figure out dinner?"

"That would be great," I said. I kissed him and when he lingered, I hooked my fingers in the front of his waistband and deepened the kiss.

"Oh, woman, you drive me nuts," he said.

"That's the plan." I gave him a longer kiss, then hurried out. I had on a pair of low brown heels which he didn't even give a second glance. It was all I could manage to not laugh.

I left Marissa, my second in command, in charge of the last hour of the sale. Eddie had texted that he was home and plotting dinner. I snagged the wooden 70s slingbacks, slid my feet into them, and out the door I went.

When I came into the house, it was hard to quiet my approach. Wooden heels on a hardwood floor aren't stealthy.

He peeked his head out and said, "You're home!" Then his gaze slid lower to my vintage shoes and he came out of the kitchen slowly, wiping his hands on a towel. "Why are you home?"

"HIS FINGERS SKATED ALONG THE ELASTIC AROUND THE LEG HOLES OF MY PANTIES."

"Because we're on our last pair of shoes and I can't stop thinking about fucking you," I said. Then I turned and walked through the living room, up the steps, and toward the bedroom.

It was only seconds before I heard his footsteps on the stairs after me.

I stood in the bedroom and waited. When he showed up, I pointed. "Why don't you take your clothes off and get on the bed like a good boy?"

His eyebrows went up but I noticed his cock was up, too.

He stripped quickly while I slowly undressed. I took off the vest first, a lovely vintage blouse with a bow at the neck. Then the pants. They were bell bottoms, so they slid right down and I was able to step free of them without taking off the shoes. My panties were trickier, but I managed. I ditched my bra and dropped it on the floor.

"Today's ensemble is seventies-inspired," I said softly. I climbed onto the bed and moved toward him. "And the seventies were an era of strong, independent, empowered women."

His cock was standing at attention, ramrod straight, and ready for me to sink down on it. I wrapped my hand around it, caressing him, stroking him. His breathing was labored and he thrust up into my hand.

"Ah, behave," I told him. "We'll get there."

He groaned as I used a feather-light touch on his shaft. I slid my fingertips over the tip and leaned in to drop a single kiss on his cockhead before taking him in my mouth for a few seconds.

EROTICA

Eddie groaned as I smiled. I moved up over him, straddled his hips, and slid his cock along my wet slit, dragging it over my clit repeatedly to get that friction. I was wet and ready and had been thinking about this all day long. I put him in me and smiled down at him. "Just the tip, right?"

Another groan and I took pity, sinking down just a little more. I took him into my pussy inch by inch, making it last, dragging it out, until we were both panting like we'd been running. I leaned over and he wrapped his arms around me. I kissed him and my hair fell around us like a curtain. I moved my hips and he lost his patience this time, thrusting up hard and fast into my pussy.

He held my ass with his big hands and moved in time with my rocking hips. Being on top was exquisite. His big cock brushed all the tender, swollen, needy places inside of me that needed his attention. I rocked my hips, getting him deeper. I straightened and he was inside me so far it took my breath.

Eddie reached up and cupped my breasts in his hands. He squeezed and kneaded and finally played with my nipples until I felt those sensations in my cunt. I squeezed around him as we moved. I rolled my hips from side to side, getting him just where I wanted him and when he pinched my nipples again, I came hard and fast.

"Jesus, baby," he said as my pussy spasmed around his cock.

I moved slower, working his dick, making him suffer just a little.

He looked up at me with those big brown eyes and said, "I know you're a strong, independent 70s woman, but I really want to flip you over, fuck you fast and hard, and come inside you."

I groaned at his words. My cunt flexed with fresh arousal.

"I can live with that," I whispered.

He moved fast, sitting up, throwing me off-balance, shifting me onto hands and knees. I shoved a pillow under my belly as he moved behind me. Eddie grabbed my hips and growled. I could feel the shoes biting into the white landscape of the bedsheets. I knew he was looking. I knew that was getting him off.

I flexed my ankles so that the shoes moved against the linens.

He grabbed my hips and slid his cock into me quickly. I was so fucking wet I could feel how slippery we both were.

His fingers slid along my ass crack, teasing my back hole, and that alone almost pushed me right into another orgasm.

"Baby, baby, baby," he chanted as he pounded into me.

"Fuck me," I said. "Just like that…"

He angled himself just so and managed to brush my swollen G-spot expertly.

"Fuck, don't move, right there—" I slammed my body back to take him, digging the front of the shoes into the bed for traction.

“A SECOND ORGASM BLASTED THROUGH ME, WETNESS ROLLING DOWN MY INNER THIGHS.”

He pushed his finger into my ass, and that’s when I lost it. A second orgasm blasted through me, wetness rolling down my inner thighs. Eddie pounded me harder. His rhythm was chaotic and desperate. He added a second finger to my back hole, aided by my own juices.

“Come for me, baby,” I begged. “Come for me.”

Eddie grunted and gave another rough, deep thrust before coming. He said my name softly as he spilled into me.

We collapsed to the bed, laughing.

I laid there on my back next to him, raised my leg, and pointed my toe so we could both admire the lovely shoes that had added the right spice to this particular encounter.

“I think those are keepers, too.”

My phone pinged and I reached over him. “I have to check. I left Marissa in charge for the last hour and for closing.” When I read the message, I giggled.

“What’s so funny?” His hands skated down the curve of my hip and over my buttocks.

“I just won an auction I bid on last week.”

“Why is that funny?”

“About half the lot is…”

“Is?”

“Shoes,” I said.

He grinned. “I’d like to volunteer my help unpacking those.”

LETTER OF THE MONTH

THREE WISHES

A husband gets all he could ask for (and more) as a holiday surprise.

I was born on Christmas. This means that I grew up with "combined Christmas and birthday" presents and parties—what little my single mother could afford back then, anyway. Perhaps my upbringing ultimately motivated me to work so hard—because these days, I can technically afford to "gift" myself anything I want at any time. My construction company launched when I was in my early thirties (not long after my first wife left me), and business has grown nonstop.

This year I turn fifty, and believe me, in more ways than one, I consider myself extremely fortunate. I'm in good health, great shape, and still have all my hair. But the best part is that my successful business has allowed for me to ensure my family's ample comfort—which is more than enough—and then I hit the ultimate jackpot when I met my second wife, Kate.

Kate and I got together almost ten years ago, but it took us seven years of beating around the bush to finally tie the knot. I could write novels singing her praises, but let's say that she is the most incredible (and sexually adventurous) woman I have ever met. We are a true "May/December" romance, too. She is in her late thirties and runs a busy event-planning and PR firm, which I always entrust with handling my company's big holiday charity gala.

We usually wait and host the gala a week before Christmas, because I figure since many of my fellow bigwigs are looking for last-minute tax breaks, it's the perfect time to get inside some really deep pockets. All of the profits go to helping local foster children and orphans year-round. Thanks to the happy accident of my Christmas birth, Nicholas is both my name and my patron saint, so I try to live up to it.

Every year, I always tell Kate that her amazing work on the gala is the perfect "Christmas + birthday gift" and that I don't need anything else—because it's true! So after a great night of fundraising, Kate and I opened a bottle of red wine and relaxed in the hot tub together—naked as usual.

"You know, even if you plan on ignoring it you still have a birthday coming up, mister." Kate poked me in the ribs.

"SHE STRIPPED OFF THE REST OF HER CLOTHING AND MOTIONED FOR ME TO COME TO THE BED."

"Yeah I know. The kids are flying in for Christmas."

She smirked and climbed into my lap. "Honey, didn't you want to tour around Italy this year?"

"As long as you promise to make those Italian sugar cookies with the icing that I like, I'm good."

"Hey now, fifty is a milestone. We should celebrate that *and* Christmas."

"Well, I think we're celebrating right now." I pulled her closer. "Doesn't this count?"

"Of course." Kate kissed me. "But what do you want to do for your birthday?"

"Well, I liked that bonfire we had on the beach last year."

"I remember—it was a lovely, low-key gathering."

"And?" I shrugged, "I'd be OK with that again."

Kate nuzzled my neck: "It's just that I want to do something extra-special for you, something really decadent. After all, you're only going to be fifty once. Isn't there anything you want to cross off your bucket list?

I felt my cock hardening to the sound of her suggestive voice. "How about my beautiful wife in bed?"

Kate giggled. "And what would this beautiful wife do to you in bed?" She ran her hands down my pecs and abs, teasing me as her fingers fluttered just below my navel.

"Have your way with me." I cupped her breasts and kissed her, grinding my erection around her outer lips under the water.

Not a moment too soon, we ended up toweling off and heading for our king-sized bed.

Kate is an auburn-haired goddess, with light blue eyes that to me contain all the love in the world—but just enough of a hint of mischief, too. She has a slender build—we both keep fit with swimming and diving—and when we scuba, the way the light catches her hair and breasts, she reminds me of a certain mythical mermaid princess.

After we made love, though, I had something of an epiphany: "Hey baby, you still awake?" I nuzzled her neck.

"I might be…" Kate rolled over and tickled my chest: "You wanna go again?"

I laughed. "Well, yes, I wouldn't mind in a bit. But I was thinking about what you said…"

"Oh?"

"About the bucket list." I paused. "What if it's a…sexual bucket list?"

Kate grinned. "Now we're talking. Do tell."

"Remember that time years ago when you surprised me with your old college roommate?"

"Yes…" Kate kissed me. "So you want a threesome for your birthday?"

"Well, yes–but–I want to watch you pick up another woman. Like before the sex–I want to see you flirt, and laugh… and seduce. And then let me watch while you get her so turned on." I ran my hands through Kate's hair. "I want you to be in total control of the evening, calling all the shots."

"Consider it done." Kate giggled. "Anything else?"

I nodded. "I want to have sex somewhere in public–preferably without getting caught, but you know, with the thrilling possibility–and spontaneous, so I don't know it's coming, until, well..."

We both laughed.

Kate pondered. "Anywhere public is OK?"

I nodded. "Yeah, sure–surprise me. I trust your naughty judgment."

Kate giggled. "OK, then you'd better look out!"

"And one last thing–for my 'three wishes' we'll call it."

Kate giggled. "Three wishes. I like that."

"I want a night out with you–." I paused: "With you wearing a vibrator that I get to control."

"Oh, yes!" Kate's face lit up. "I've seen those special panties they even make for that."

"Pick out any kind you want. I'd also like to see you in a diamond collar…"

"Hey now, you're already at three wishes." Kate teased me.

I laughed. "But it's Christmas!" And then I pulled her on top of me for another passionate romp….

Ever the intrepid event planner, Kate wasted no time coordinating my first wish. She texted me while I was still at

LETTER OF THE MONTH

the office to come by one of our favorite little martini bars afterwards. I was to sit alone in my booth and watch her work.

Once I sat down, I was immediately presented with my favorite gin martini—bleu cheese olives for the win—compliments of "the lovely lady at the bar."

I looked up and spotted Kate smiling at me. She was wearing a sexy backless halter dress, with her hair loosely twisted upward. Kate gave me a little wink, got up, and walked to the other end of the bar.

I nursed my martini, watching as she greeted this adorable brunette who had a petite build but huge tits that strained against the top of her strapless dress. She looked like she was still in her twenties—maybe a college girl looking to sow some wild oats?

Kate greeted her like they were expecting each other—I later learned that Kate had selected and screened my "gift" on a dating app first; but this was definitely a "first date" meet and greet going down. The brunette was so obviously shy—and whatever Kate whispered in her ear made her blush! The girls ordered some drinks and chatted just across from my booth so I could witness everything…and before I knew it, they were leaving the bar in a taxi. Thank goodness Kate was so efficient, because I don't think I could have handled watching them touch and flirt for much longer.

I waited about ten minutes and then followed behind. When I got to the hotel suite, I arrived to find Kate and the brunette in bed, kissing passionately. The brunette's dress was pulled down to expose her pendulous rack, and my wife's hand was inside her panties.

As the brunette closed her eyes and moaned ecstatically, Kate glanced over her shoulder at me. "Hello, honey," she grinned. "This is Natalia. And Natalia, this is my husband, Nick."

Natalia caught her breath and smiled at me. "Hello."

"You're a vision, Natalia." I smiled back. "Are you ladies having fun?"

"You bet we are," Kate replied. "You wanna watch me eat her pussy?"

"Oh baby, I can't wait!" I pulled a chair over so I could enjoy an up-close view.

Natalia moaned and pinched her silver-dollar-sized nipples while Kate tongued her clit in slow circles.

I couldn't help but unzip and stroke myself—but Kate was in control otherwise. I would join only if and when I was asked.

After Kate made Natalia come, she stripped off the rest of her clothing and motioned for me to come to the bed. "I want to taste Natalia while you fuck me, Nick." She smirked and added: "and yes, you can play with her tits, too."

Music to my ears! Natalia straddled Kate's face and also placed my hands on her breasts: "See? They're definitely real." And then she gasped sharply as Kate began to eat her out.

I thought my cock was going to rocket off my body as I slipped inside my wife and caressed our little brunette.

Kate called dibs on all my hot loads, but throughout the night I got to fuck Natalia while Kate either sucked her tits or played with her asshole. Our wild threesome session lasted until daybreak the next morning. I came so hard I saw stars.

My wife and I snuck out for breakfast, leaving our busty little friend to enjoy her beauty rest.

"Well?" Kate asked me. "Did I do OK?"

I kissed her. "You better believe it! Where'd you find that babe, anyway?"

Kate giggled. "It was easy on the app. And, you know, doing this I remembered how fun it was back in college and in my early twenties picking up other girls. Nice to see I haven't lost my touch."

"No kidding—I'll be remembering last night for the rest of my life."

My wife smiled. "This is only wish one of three. Just you wait."

The next day, I went to work as usual—but I knew something was up when my secretary reminded me of a lunch meeting that I had never personally scheduled at the restaurant on the pier. I showed up and found Kate waiting for me.

"Fancy seeing you here," I smirked. "What are you up to, lady?"

"Oh, just lunch. But, before we

order, how about we take a walk on the beach?" she asked.

"Sure, it's gorgeous out." You can't beat "winter" in Florida!

Kate and I strolled hand-in-hand until we came upon this old sailboat that the previous owner had left abandoned on the dunes.

"What do you think?" Kate gestured to it.

"For what?"

Kate licked her lips and started to peel down the straps of her dress. "Race you there!"

Talk about a wet dream come to life: We basically had the beach to ourselves this time of day, so our surfside quickie went down without any hindrances.

Kate got in the empty boat and slipped down the top of her dress, exposing her stiff nipples. "Come here…"

She pulled me close and immediately unzipped my pants. I braced myself against the old sail as Kate swallowed my dick.

I don't know what was more thrilling—the blowjob itself or being blown out in the open.

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS MORE THRILLING—THE BLOWJOB ITSELF OR BEING BLOWN OUT IN THE OPEN."

"I can't believe we haven't done this before," I moaned. "God, you're amazing!"

Kate spat on my shaft and pumped me with her hands. "All these years by the beach, too…I figured it was high time." She grinned.

"Get on top of me, baby." I exhaled. "I don't wanna come yet."

Kate obliged and rode me with wild abandon, with the roar of the ocean almost drowning out our frantic passion.

"You wanna cum inside of me? Or are you gonna let me swallow that load?"

I groaned. "Why don't you swallow it, baby?"

Kate dismounted me and resumed sucking and stroking my cock. I ran my hands through her hair and tried to hold it back for her as it blew all around in

LETTER OF THE MONTH

the ocean breeze. It wasn't long before I came and she eagerly lapped up the strands of cum that I shot all around her face. Best lunch date ever.

For my third wish, she waited until the last minute—but the timing could not have been more perfect. We were getting ready to leave for a dinner soiree with some of my board members; my birthday was only two days away. I was putting on my tie when I saw Kate walk into the room and leave a tiny black remote on my dresser. "Here. You're going to need this."

"WATCHING HER DISCREETLY WRITHE AND SQUIRM IN PLEASURE ALL NIGHT MADE ME ROCK-HARD."

She had on a long evening gown with a slit up the side, and she moved it away to show me her special panties.

"Is this what I think it is?"

"You bet. Now, don't let me down. I will expect to come—more than once—tonight."

We had a limo to pick us up and drive us to the party, so I started testing out the remote on the way there.

Kate moaned and squirmed into the seat. "Oh, fuck! You gotta let me cum before we walk in there."

I cranked the dial up. "I like seeing your face so flushed and healthy."

Kate tried to reach down to touch herself, but I swatted her hand away and killed the vibrations: "That wasn't part of our agreement. No touching yourself tonight." I sighed. "And you're going to have to wait now."

My poor wife, hovering somewhere between pleasure and frustration, bit her lip: "Just you wait until I get back at you."

I kissed her. "I'm counting on it."

All night long, whenever I could get close enough to my wife and ensure enough "background noise," I switched on the vibrations. At one point, she was talking with a senator's wife (a known cougar), and I flipped on the vibrations—poor Kate almost dropped her martini!

But don't think that Kate suffered her sexual torment in solitude, because watching her discreetly writhe and squirm in pleasure all night made me rock-hard. And the buzz of our sexual heat was much stronger than anything we had to drink.

My board members had rented out this restaurant with an upstairs terrace and a rooftop deck. As I watched Kate helplessly flush and almost drop her drink, I knew I had to have her.

I switched off the vibrations; she glared at me and whispered: "This isn't fun anymore. You're driving me crazy—I need to come!"

"No, no—don't be angry." I whispered. "I'm so hard for you…come with me."

Amid the usual mingling and talking, we hurried over to the elevator that went up to the roof.

"What are you doing?" Kate asked.

We stepped in and I hit the "up" button—and then the "stop" button.

"Uh-oh. Looks like we're stuck."

Kate giggled and then looked serious: "Hurry up and fuck me before someone tries to save us."

We kissed passionately, and in the heat of the moment, I managed to rip off the little mesh G-string that contained the vibrator.

Kate moaned. "Here, wait—stuff them in your pocket. We can't leave them in here."

I laughed and tucked her torn panties in my jacket. And then I kissed down her neck and breasts while fingering her soaking cunt. "I'll get you a new pair, promise."

"Mmmm, you better. But I'm gonna

hide that damn remote." She licked her lips.

"Oh God, baby, I want you so much." I kissed down her neck.

Kate lifted her dress and turned around, bracing herself on the handrail so I could take her from behind. She frantically rubbed her clit while I pounded away.

I was so turned on, there was no way this was going to last, but I held in as long as possible to make Kate come. And then I pulled out and shot my load all over her beautiful ass.

We didn't have long to savor the moment, because the alarm bells started sounding and the elevator's override was kicking in.

"Oh, shit!" Kate giggled. She fixed her dress and smoothed her hair. "Do I look OK?"

I nodded and zipped up.

The doors opened, and we put on our best "normal" smiling faces for our "rescuers" and had a good laugh. As far as I know, no one noticed that my wife's panties were sticking out ever so slightly from my jacket pocket.

We didn't stay at the party much longer–I was bursting with more holiday spirit than Buddy the Elf, and Kate couldn't keep a straight face, either. She and I somehow managed to contain ourselves during the car ride back, but the minute we got home, all bets were off. We stripped en route to the bedroom, leaving a trail of lusty evidence up the stairs and down the hall.

Many passionate hours later, we finally fell asleep just as the sun was coming up on Christmas Eve–talk about visions of sugarplums! However, the revelry was far from over.

While Kate slept, I snuck out to pick up a custom-made collar with diamond embellishments. Even though my three naughty wishes for my birthday were more than fulfilled, surely this one could count for Christmas–and beyond…

–S.K., via email

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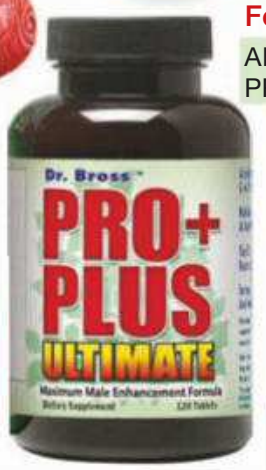

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LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

CUCKING AROUND

Laura learns how good it feels to have all the male attention on only her.

By Laura Hanson

I confessed my recent fantasy to Ryan as I was sucking his cock. His hand was twisted in my hair as he firmly but gently guided me up and down his shaft at his desired speed. My ass was pointed toward him because he liked to look at it while I sucked him off.

"I want you to share me with another man," I said.

He stopped moving, but his cock jerked against my lower lip. I had hoped that was a good sign.

"Say it again," he said as if he hadn't heard.

I said it a bit more boldly. My pussy let loose a small rush of fluid because I was so turned-on having finally said it out loud.

He groaned and thrusted up into my mouth. I held him firmly at the base of his cock and played with him, making him suffer just a little. I dragged my open mouth down one side of his shaft, then up the other, giving his tip a soft nuzzle and lick.

He got me back by pushing two fingers into my pussy. He slid them in fast, giving me no warning, and my internal muscles clamped around him. He fucked me with his fingers as I continued to take my sweet time sucking him.

"Say it again," he said softly.

Excitement flared through me like Fourth of July fireworks.

"I want you to share me with another man. I want to fuck another guy while you watch. While you fuck my mouth. I want to suck him off while you're fucking me doggy-style. I want to be a push-pull toy between the two of you. I want…to be the cream filling in the cookie," I said.

I jerked his cock with my slippery fist as I talked. Then I put my mouth back on him, taking him as deeply as I could. The tip of his dick brushed the back of my throat, and I gagged slightly.

That always turned him on. This time was no exception. He made a low, animalistic sound and moved away from me. He pushed me on my belly and hiked me back toward him by my hips. He slid into me easily, his motions rough and eager.

"You want me to let another man fuck my wife?"

I nodded, gasping for air as he plowed

"I LICKED MY LIPS AND LOOKED OUR NEW HANDSOME GUEST."

into me. He pushed his hand beneath me and found my clit. He gave it a little nudge and when I moaned, another. Then he stroked me a few times before saying, "You do it, baby. Come with me."

I didn't say a word. I simply replaced his fingers with my own, working my clit as he fucked me. His long, hard cock hit all the right spots. I got wetter.

Ryan said, "I think we can do that. I think I can share you. We just need the right guy. And I might know the perfect candidate. To fuck you while I watch–I'm going to come– "

The excitement in his voice, his eagerness to get on board, all hit me at once, and the friction of his cock inside me didn't hurt, either. I made one more slippery revolution with my fingertip and came. A split-second later, he joined me, shuddering hard as he climaxed, gripping my hips so tightly I ended up wearing his fingerprints there for a few days.

Not that I was complaining.

"This is Jack," Ryan said.

The man was about six-foot-three, brawny, with close-clipped light blond hair and big brown eyes. He smiled down at me and my stomach swirled with attraction. He held his hand out and I took it. He simply held it, didn't shake it, and said, "I've heard all about you."

The attraction slid from my belly to a much lower spot. My pussy took up the cadence of my beating heart.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And I heard I'm the perfect candidate."

"You are?"

"I sure hope so," said Ryan, shutting the front door. "Because I've been imagining him fucking you for about a week now."

"Oh–" I said, because I had very little breath to work with. My heart pounded and my nipples grew hard beneath my black long-sleeve tee.

Jack noticed and reached out to trace them through my shirt. I was braless because Ryan had surprised me. He hadn't told me he was bringing Jack home.

He caught my look or read my mind and put his arm around me. "I wanted to surprise you, love."

I licked my lips and looked at him and then our new handsome guest. "Well, you sure did that."

This time his fingertips skimmed along the fabric above my nipples and a delirious kind of pleasure raced through me. I was wet. I was ready. And I hoped we were doing this today.

"Then why are we standing around chatting?" my husband asked. He took my arm and ushered me toward the hall steps.

Jack followed close behind. I was halfway up the steps when he slid his hand along the curve of my ass. I gasped but kept walking. Then it was the swell of my hips he touched, then my calf. He dropped suggestive little touches the whole time we walked. Ryan kept his arm around me as if to steady me.

By the time we reached the top of the steps I felt a little lightheaded and very turned-on. Inside my jeans my pussy was soaked. I could feel my wetness in the crotch of my panties. I needed a cock in me.

Ryan steered me to our guest room and I didn't question it. Best to keep our marital bed ours, I assumed.

The guest room was done with grand simplicity. The minimalistic bedspread was a virginal white. I almost laughed. Virginal white did not suit me today.

Ryan turned to kiss me. His hands skimmed beneath the hem of my shirt and then pushed it higher. My stomach muscles galloped at his soft touch. My nipples felt hard enough to poke through the thin fabric of my shirt.

He raked his hands higher and finally cupped my tits in his warm hands. He leaned in and ran his tongue down the side of my throat. My eyes drifted shut and my pulse thumped in my temples and my cunt. I opened my eyes to see Jack watching us, a huge long bulge in his faded jeans.

Ryan scraped his teeth along my neck, my shoulder, and then pinched my nipples so that I hissed with pleasure.

"Good?"

"Yes."

"You want him to fuck you?"

"Yes," I said. I could barely get the word out.

"You want me to see?"

I nodded.

"You want us to share you?"

He dragged a finger down my belly and then shoved his hands in my jeans as I answered.

"Yes. God, yes."

He smiled. His fingers parted me, stroked me, then he pushed two fingers into my pussy and tested me.

"I can tell, my love."

I smiled. "You've made a fantasy come true."

Ryan winked at me. "That's my job."

He kissed me once more and then went to the corner of the room, dropping into a dark blue armchair. He waved his hands toward the bed and smiled. "Get on with the show, you two. Word is, Jack wants to fuck my wife, and my wife wants to be fucked by Jack."

Goose bumps sprang up all along my skin as Jack came toward me and began to undress me.

His fingers skimmed every bit of skin he uncovered, from my lower belly as he lifted my shirt to my ribs as he raised it. When he'd whisked it off to find me bare beneath, he made a soft guttural sound and slid his hands along the sides of my breasts. Softly at first. Then he used his fingernails, making my nipples stand at attention and tingle. When he finally brushed his fingertips across the puckered pink tips, I thought my knees would buckle.

He leaned in to suck one into his mouth, his tongue soft on me at first. But again, he roughened the motion by sucking hard and then using his teeth. He put his fingers between my thighs and slid them into my pussy. My husband's fingers had just vacated me, and something about Jack filling me up so soon slammed arousal through me like a brush fire.

"How's that?" He kissed me before I could answer. I twisted my tongue against his, tasting mint and coffee. I clenched my pussy around his driving fingers.

"That's an answer all its own," he said.

Jack sucked my neck and I gasped. My eyes strayed to Ryan. He gave me a nod and my arousal grew with his approval. I shut my eyes and surrendered to the pressure of Jack drawing on my skin, marking me with a sign he'd been there that wouldn't allow me or Ryan to

LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

forget it. The pressure was exquisite and somehow him sucking on my skin swirled through my center, igniting my need. I wanted him inside me so badly.

I reached down and stroked the enormous erection beneath his jeans. His largeness seemed daunting but exciting. My eyes strayed to Ryan again and he chuckled.

"I brought you a big one, baby."

I dragged my fingers along the ridges of Jack's cock until he was done sucking. He pulled back to appraise his work and smiled. "Nice and dark," he said to me.

I sighed. I couldn't think of a thing to say to that.

"Take my cock out," he said.

I obliged eagerly, drawing down his zipper, undoing his button. He wore soft boxer briefs beneath and I managed to push his jeans and boxers down in one fell swoop. I cradled his big cock in my hand and brushed my thumb across the weeping tip. The slippery pre-come made his velvety erection that much softer.

His brown eyes drifted shut for a second and then popped open. He watched me stroke him. It must have turned him on, because his cock twitched as I did it, growing harder, jumping against my palm, making my

"HE GAVE ME A NOD AND MY AROUSAL GREW WITH HIS APPROVAL."

body ache to be filled.

He moved to the bed and sat on the edge where Ryan could see. "Put it your mouth," he said.

I got on my knees and continued to stroke him for a moment, watching his face, watching his dick, watching my husband.

"Our guest asked you to do something," Ryan said. "Please do it."

My pussy flooded with juices at my husband's chastisement. I nodded, licked my lips, and bowed my head. I brushed my lips over the tip of Jack's cock, feeling a surge of power at taking a strange cock into my mouth. I slid my tongue around the ridge and sucked him into my mouth slowly.

He put his hand on my head but didn't push me. He simply rested it there while I did my thing, knowing that Ryan was watching me take his friend into his mouth. That my husband was sharing me. Allowing me to suck this man's cock, allowing this man to do things to me, watching, and at some point, participating…it had me on the quivering verge of coming and we'd hardly started.

I took a deep shuddery breath and pushed my mouth down on Jack's hard-on. He filled my mouth and throat.

He used his hand to push gently but steadily on the back of my head until I took him all the way. I had to strain not to choke.

I heard Ryan grunt and then the undeniable sound of a zipper being pulled.

My cunt clenched eagerly around nothing.

Jack kept pushing me, thrusting up from beneath to fill my mouth. Finally, he tugged my head up with a handful of my hair and looked into my eyes.

"Get up on the bed," he said.

I nodded, moving past him, pushing myself up to the head of the bed, but he moved me. "That would be no fun for you your hubby, now would it?" He angled me horizontally across the pristine white duvet. He pushed my legs high, putting them on his shoulders and plunging into me. He filled me to the point of near discomfort, pushing me to my limits. My body adjusted as he began to move, his long cock brushing my G-spot with every thrust. I held his forearms and braced myself as he fucked me hard and fast.

I imagined the view that Ryan had, and my pussy clenched.

"Is that pussy gonna come for me?" Jack asked. "I felt that. I think that pussy's going to come for me."

He turned his head and addressed Ryan as he continued to plow me. "Your wife's pussy is tight like a drum," he said.

I peeked around Jack's bulk and saw my husband vigorously jerking his cock, his face set in a serious but eager expression. My pussy flexed again.

"Oh, I know it," Ryan said. "But I fully expect you and that big cock to ruin it."

I groaned. I was getting so close. Every thrust made me wetter. I could feel my juices coating my upper thighs. I was slick and on the verge of losing it.

"I'll give you a hint," Ryan said, his voice hoarse. At this point I could hear his hand moving on his cock as he beat off. The whispery sound of skin on skin.

"What's that?" Ryan asked, driving so deep I groaned. My toes curled. My breath rushed out of me.

"Go a little slower. If you slow down you'll get to experience the sweet sensation of my wife coming around your dick."

I chewed my lower lip, held Jack's forearms, and he did what Ryan said. He slowed down. Finessing me. Taking time to push his big dick slowly inside my wet cunt.

I gasped when he hit the perfect spot and Jack said, "There it is."

Ryan echoed. "Yes, there it is."

Jack pinned me with his gaze and fucked me in a slow and deliberate rhythm. "Just like that, right, sweetheart? I can tell by your face that's the spot."

I opened my mouth to speak, but he thrust deep and slow and it was the straw that broke this camel's back. Instead of answering him, I cried out as I came, a river of wetness flowing from me.

Jack pulled from me suddenly, smiling. "I need to stop for a moment or I'm going to come, and I'm not done with you yet."

I nodded, catching my breath.

He turned to Ryan. "Let's spit-roast your wife, Ryan."

I whimpered at the words.

Then I was being moved physically by two big handsome men. They got me on my hands and knees and Ryan grabbed my hips, driving into me fast and hard. His excitement from having witnessed

LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON TRUE CONFESSIONS

his friend's big cock in me was palpable.

"Did you like that, love? His big dick inside you? Pounding you?"

I didn't have a chance to answer because Jack shoved his dick in my mouth, gathering my hair in his hand and holding it as he fucked my mouth. I sucked him, lapped at him, trying to keep my focus as Ryan fucked me. My pussy twitched with my orgasm's aftershocks. I was still coming down, so pushing me close again wasn't a problem.

He reached beneath me, stroking my clit with a steady light pressure.

My cunt grew tighter, pleasure flooding through me as I took his cock. He kept one hand steady on my ass, the other rubbing that hard knot of flesh.

I came again. It was hard not to when my husband was involved. He knew my body almost as well as his own.

"That's my girl. Now how about we do this…" I felt his fingers sliding into my pussy even as he pulled his cock free. He pushed one into my ass and when I pushed back, accepting it eagerly, he added a second. He worked my back hole with his fingers until I relaxed, until my body took him all the way. Then he pulled his fingers free and pushed the head of his cock to my ass. He slid into me slow and steady, filling me with his cock.

"Look at that," Jack said, voice gruff. "I'm going to fuck that ass, too."

"As soon as I'm done you're welcome to," Ryan said.

He held my hips and pounded into me. He knew anal got me off. He knew how to work my body so that he hit my G-spot from a whole new angle. It always shocked me how hard I could come.

"Listen to me, love," he said, tracing my spine with his fingertip, raising goose bumps along my skin, making my nipples hard like pebbles. "I want you to get right there. *Right there* on the verge of coming, and then you let our guest take it home. When I come, you *do not*. You don't touch that clit until I tell you. Do you hear me?"

I nodded, still sucking and licking and lapping at Jack as he took my mouth, his hands holding my hair tightly.

"Good girl."

His rhythm increased, his fingers digging into my skin. I wanted so badly to come. I could feel myself creeping closer and closer and Ryan could tell.

"Jesus," he hissed. "I'm coming. I'm coming, baby. But don't you dare."

I shook my head vigorously and gagged on Jack's cock. He pulled free, then took up the place Ryan had occupied. All the while my pussy thumped hard and fast,

"I SUCKED HIM, LAPPED AT HIM, TRYING TO KEEP MY FOCUS AS RYAN FUCKED ME."

keeping time with my heart.

Jack growled, grabbed me roughly, pushed his big thick dick to my ass, and worked it in slowly. There were tremors of impending pleasure in my pussy and I sobbed out loud.

"Hold on, honey. Almost there," Ryan said, his fingers stroking my skin, my hair. Just having him touch me while another man fucked my ass almost pushed me over the edge. I was right there, trembling with an effort not to come.

"Fuck," Jack said. "And I thought your cunt was tight."

I moaned again, letting them both know I was barely holding on.

Ryan's fingers were back in my hair, stroking, caressing.

"Touch yourself," he said. "Stroke that clit."

I balanced myself on one trembling arm and touched myself. A single stroke sent a wave of pleasure through me. I did it again and knew it would barely take any effort.

Jack pounded in and out of me and smacked my ass once, hard, startling me. "I'm coming, sweetheart. Jesus Christ, I'm coming."

He slammed into me, vibrating as his climax hit him. Ryan slid a fingertip along my nape and that was all it took. I came with a loud sob as my orgasm rocked me.

When I collapsed on the bed, Ryan put his mouth near my ear and whispered, "Was it everything you wanted?"

I nodded, exhausted. "Everything and more."

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LETTERS

CARNALCOPIA

STUFFED

"Do I have to wear a tie?" I playfully swatted Megan's ass while she bent over to zip her suitcase. The way her demure little sheath dresses subtly show off her curves never fails to get my heart racing.

Megan smirked, "No, not at all, Chris. The 'tech bro' look with the hoodie will really impress my parents."

"Hmm, well, you know what impresses me? This really fine ass of yours."

Ever since we started dating, my fiancée Megan insists that we join her parents at the yacht club for Thanksgiving dinner. I guess it makes sense: In our part of the country, November is still pretty warm, so no one wants to stand by a hot oven—and no one cooks in her family, anyway. Me? I'm no chef, either, and I usually work right up until the last possible minute because my clients are on Beijing time. By Thanksgiving Day, all I want to do is sleep—like, seriously screw the turkey and give me eight hours of unconsciousness. Alas, no dice.

Megan giggled and turned around to kiss me. "Easy now. If we get there early we can enjoy the lake by ourselves for a bit."

"OK." I went to retrieve a tie from my side of the closet. "But just so you know," I said, glancing backwards at her, "I'm also OK with 'late' or 'never,' too."

"Yeah, yeah," Megan rolled her eyes and slipped on her nude suede pumps, which made her legs somehow even longer and sexier. "You'll change your tune when I make it worth your while."

I chuckled. "Oh well, in that case: Windsor or half-Windsor, honey?"

Megan shook her head and laughed. "Just tie the tie, Chris, and follow me into the car. I'll even let you sleep the whole way."

And with that, she took her purse and strutted out of our bedroom. I felt my breath catch in my chest for a split second as I suddenly thought about ripping open the back of her dress and fucking her doggy-style right there on our rug—with her heels still on.

My fiancée is a masterpiece of good breeding and genetics. She's a petite brunette with green eyes and C-cups. She is exactly that kind of "cover girl" brunette who was a debutante in her teens, a Gamma sister in college, and now she's the kind of woman that society pages devour because of her great legs and perfect hair—and charitable contributions, of course. Meanwhile, I'm the programmer [with no fashion sense] who wears jeans to work and plays in a punk band; Megan wears Prada to the office and plays tennis. Talk about opposites attracting.

Even though I've done very well for myself, I don't come from a family like hers, so even after a few years of dating plus engagement, I'm pretty sure that her dad still thinks I'm the "bad boy" corrupting his princess. In reality, though, Megan is the most adventurous, daring woman I've ever met. She is the sweet nympho doing most of the corrupting—and I'm the lucky guy along for the ride.

But speaking of literal rides, I managed to cool my desire long enough to put on the tie and get in the car. "You sure you don't want me to drive?" I asked.

Megan tugged on my tie. "No, take a power nap. I want you refreshed and ready when we get there."

"Oh, don't worry, I can handle your dad—"

"—no, I mean I want you ready for me."

Jackpot! I couldn't hide my ear-to-ear grin. "You wanna tell me what you have in—"

"—nope, it's a surprise." She started the engine and winked at me.

"How am I supposed to settle down and sleep now?"

Megan giggled. "By having sweet dreams." She patted my thigh and put the car in gear.

In spite of the anticipation I felt stirring in

my cock, eventually I did lull off to sleep–trying to function on both Beijing Time and Central Time will do that to anyone. Next thing I remember, though, Megan was kissing me and nuzzling my neck.

"Honey," she whispered. "Come on, wake up. We're here."

I stretched and put my nearest arm around her, breathing in her perfume. "Mmm…" I yawned and squinted out the windshield. "Wait–this isn't the club?" I put my glasses back on.

Megan smiled. "This is the old boathouse," she pointed. "Before they built the new boardwalk around the club, this is where I'd go for sailing lessons and races…and to try and hook up with guys in college."

"Oh?"

She whispered in my ear: "I don't think anyone is here right now." Then she gave me that wonderful look of pure mischief.

Her whispering gave me the most pleasurable tingles down my neck as I felt the blood rush back to my dick. "Well, then," I stammered, "why don't you give me a little tour, baby?"

We hurried down the driveway, laughing and kissing. We pried open the door. The old boats were gone, but they'd left the picnic tables and lounge chairs.

I pulled Megan close and kissed her, running my hands through her hair. "So is this my surprise?"

"Yes. I've been dying to get fucked here–but none of the preppy boys I dated back then ever had the balls." Megan stroked my bulging cock through my pants. "And I know you've been hoping to do it somewhere interesting, if this works?" She reached up to unbutton my shirt and discard my tie.

"Oh, hell yes." I unzipped her dress and unhooked her bra. "This definitely qualifies!"

Megan moaned as I traced my tongue down the side of her neck and right around her swollen nipples. "I'm so fucking wet for you."

"SHE TURNED AROUND AND BENT OVER, SPREADING HER ASS AND PUSSY FOR ME."

I helped her out of her dress and panties and cupped her sweet ass. "Show me, baby. You know what I like."

"Yes, I do." Megan replied with a wicked grin. She turned around and bent over, spreading her ass and pussy for me. "See?" She reached under and fingered her wet cunt.

"Oh, fuck yeah." I unzipped my pants.

Megan turned around. "No, let me have you in my mouth first."

"Don't spoil your dinner." I teased her. I caressed her face and held back her hair as she opened wide and eagerly swallowed me. She gagged and moaned, cupping my balls in her hands.

Megan loves to deep-throat, so our face-fucking sessions can get pretty intense. When we first started dating, she was the one who had to reassure me that she wasn't actually choking and dying.

I groaned. "Baby, baby–oh God. Easy–you're gonna make me come already."

Megan released me and exhaled. "Don't you dare! I want you to fuck me in all of my holes while we're in here."

"Should I make a joke about working up an appetite?"

Megan smirked, grabbed my dick, and gently led me over to the picnic table. She climbed on top and spread her legs. "Don't make me wait, Chris. I'm starving."

"Oh no, we can't have that." I kissed my way down her inner thighs and savored her pussy juices with my tongue.

Megan squealed. "Oh, fuck, come on! I need your cock inside of me."

I grinned and sucked on her clit for just a little bit longer, enjoying the sound of her sweet moans–but eventually I acquiesced to her demands and plunged balls-deep in her sweet cunt.

"Oh, yes!" Megan wrapped her legs around my waist, squeezing me with her thighs. "Faster!

I was already breaking a sweat, so I readjusted her on the table, plow-driver style. "Now touch your clit for me, baby."

Megan moaned and stroked her wet little pearl while I pounded her to the hilt. But being the insatiable babe she is, eventually Megan wanted to get on top.

I obliged and laid down across the old picnic table so she could mount me. (In retrospect, I'm grateful it had a laminated top, but I would gladly have gotten splinters in my back for this.)

Megan was in total heat as I sucked her nipples and let her ride me hard and fast. If anyone else happened to have peeked through the boathouse windows, they would have seen the most incredible vision of ecstasy: her porcelain skin flushed and sheening in sweat, and her breasts with their puffy, rosy nipples

LETTERS

CARNALCOPIA

bouncing all over, and her pink pussy lips spread wide around my cock.

I panted and slapped her ass cheeks. "You wanna get fucked back there today, too?"

"Oh, God yes!" Megan moaned. "I told you–I want you to fucking stuff me everywhere today."

I cupped her breasts. "Stuffed more than a fucking turkey on Thanksgiving?"

She giggled and kissed me, "Yes."

"Very well," I said. "But first, can I please fuck you doggy-style first? I've been thinking about that all day."

"Mmm, yes, of course."

Megan stepped down and wiggled herself enticingly into position. As she spread wide for me, I paused to appreciate the sight of her perfect heart-shaped ass, long legs, and high heels–may this vision burn in my memory for all time.

Then I gave her bottom a gentle swat: "Hey now, what if I get caught stuffing daddy's little princess down at the boathouse?"

Megan giggled. "Then we'll elope. Now fuck me."

I kissed her neck and slid back inside her. Megan and I have always loved rear entry. She felt so much tighter, I could hit her G-spot, and it was pure bliss to be able to so easily squeeze her ass and tits while thrusting away.

"MEGAN WAS IN TOTAL HEAT AS I SUCKED HER NIPPLES AND LET HER RIDE ME."

Megan moaned loudly and reached down again to touch her clit. After a few moments, I was almost ready to burst, so I pulled out and took a deep breath.

Megan smoothed her sweaty hair away from her face. "Ready to stuff my ass?"

"You bet I am." My cock was already covered in her juices, but to ease the way even more, I rimmed around her little rosebud with my tongue.

"Oh, my God," Megan moaned.

Planting one last kiss on her butt cheek, I then eased my cock into her tight hole.

While I fucked her ass, she alternated between teasing her clit and fingering herself. The sensation of her fingers inside her pussy combined with the tightness of her ass made it impossible for either of us to last. Seconds after Megan reached her climax, I blew my load deep inside her beautiful bottom.

We were late for dinner, but I have no regrets about skipping ahead to dessert.

–P.S. via email

WINTER LUST

Nothing makes me want to fuck Sadie outside more than chilly temperatures. I don't know if the cold weather gets my blood flowing faster out of necessity or if it's seeing my girlfriend in form-fitting sweaters. All I know is, usually around the first snow, I've got a hard-on for getting it on outdoors.

I was holding her hand as we walked the back property between our new cottage and the neighbors. The sky was purpling toward dusk and she squeezed my hand. "It's starting to snow."

"I know."

She glanced at me and grinned. "Gee, I wonder what we're doing walking out here in the woods during the first snow?" With that, she reached over and cupped my cock. Beneath my jeans, it was already growing hard.

"Actually, I wasn't thinking that when we started." I yanked her toward me and shoved my cold hands down the back of her jeans and grabbed her warm ass. "But I am now."

"Are you?"

I nodded.

She kissed me and I bit her lower lip at the tail end of the kiss. That always drives her nuts. She purred and I moved my hand around to cup her pussy this time. She was wet beneath my fingers.

"Looks like I'm not the only one, either," I said.

"How about an appetizer and then we walk a little more?"

"Explain," I said.

"No need. I'll show you."

She undid my pants quickly. Her hand was cold when she grasped my cock, but it felt good. She slid her fist up and down my shaft, thumbing the weeping tip. Somewhere in the woods a bird called.

She nuzzled me, kissing my neck softly, all while jerking me off with her small, cold hand.

"Want me to put it in my mouth?" she said against my throat.

I grunted. "Is that an actual fucking question?"

"Tell me," she purred. "Tell me what to do."

I pulled her in for a kiss. "Sadie, sweetheart?"

"Yes?" she smiled at me.

"Suck my dick."

"If you insist."

The fall leaves still made a thick carpet on the path. She knelt down and slipped her cool, lush lips down my shaft. She cupped my balls, tugging and squeezing gently as she sucked harder and harder. She teased me, slowly withdrawing and then sucking just the very tip. Her tongue lapped over my skin as she made desperate little sounds that always turned me on. Like she was so fucking eager to suck my cock. Like she couldn't get enough.

"God, I want to fu–"

She batted my hand away, gave me one more good sampling of what her tongue could do, and then stood. "I'll let you tuck that away," she said. "Looks complicated."

I was panting and pretty warm despite the snow. "I think I'll just…"

I closed my coat over my erection awkwardly and she laughed. I took her hand again and we wandered farther into the woods.

We had yet to fully explore our property line. We came upon the most amazing tree and I wrapped my arms around her waist from behind and said, "Look at that."

"Awesome."

"I think…" I walked her forward and put her hands on the bark. Her breath caught because she could feel my cock pressed to the cleft of her ass. "You should feel that bark." I pressed her palms to the tree and slid my hand down the front of her jeans. I worked my fingers past the soft satin of her underwear and was rewarded with a slippery slickness beneath my fingertips. I stroked it over her clit, making circles, figure eights, anything that made her hips buck the way they were bucking. I pushed my fingers inside her, bending and moving them slowly, until I felt her walls clench around me. I did it again. And again.

Sadie pushed back against me, swayed forward to get my fingers deeper, then back again. She couldn't decide which she wanted more. I laughed.

I pulled my fingers free and turned her to face me so that her back was pressed against the towering tree.

I ran my slick fingers over her lower lip and her tongue darted out to lap at them. My dick felt made of iron.

I pushed my fingers into her mouth and she drew on them, sucking hard enough that I felt the resounding sensation in my cock.

I kissed her again and then worked her button, her zipper, and pushed her jeans and panties down. I squatted there, hands on her cool thighs, holding them open. I sucked her clit, tongued it, and lapped at her until she was shaking. Not from the cold–from the pleasure.

Snow pattered around us, barely audible but ever-present.

I sucked again on the hard nub of her clit, then traced small circles around and around until she was pulling my hair without thought.

"Right there, baby," she whimpered, shoving her hips forward, grinding her pussy against my mouth.

I wanted to flip her over and fuck her right there, but I also wanted this scenario to go on. We hadn't reached

the end of our new secret trail.

She moved against me, holding my head with her hands, pinning me to her. I sucked again and again, drawing on her until she was shuddering. She cried out, sobbing with the power of her orgasm. Birds took flight and she laughed through the last bit of spasms.

"I sure riled up the woods," she said.

I tugged her pants up as I stood.

"Yes. You did. In the best possible way."

"No fucking?" she asked, cocking an eyebrow.

I took her hand. "We're not at the end yet. Let's see what's in store."

The trail twisted and turned and my coat rubbed my cock and I wanted to laugh, but I was too turned on. My eyes darted to myriad places I could fuck her, but none seemed right. To make it worse—or better, depending on your tastes—she slid her hand under my coat and trailed her fingers along my erection.

I hissed between my teeth. Sadie leaned close. "Come on, any of these places would work just fine."

"Not yet."

We rounded a bend and I smiled. A tall woodpile on a stand. It had a heavy cover thrown over it to prevent too much snow settling on the wood. "That's the property line."

We crept closer and looked past the stand. Down the hill and across a sizable bit of land was a small white house, smoke curling from the chimney.

"It looks like a storybook," Sadie said.

I stripped my coat off, unsurprised that my dick was still hard. I tossed my coat atop the rough cover on the woodpile and pushed my Sadie forward.

"Hands up, ass back," I said against her earlobe before biting it.

She yelped.

"Why is it so far from the house?" she asked.

I tugged her jeans down and bit her ass cheek. She bucked.

"Lots of people put them away from the house. So as not to attract critters."

"Critters?" She turned her head.

"Don't worry." I kicked my boot against the pile and around the base. "No critters here. They'd be long gone if they heard us coming."

She sighed and when my hands settled on her hips and my cock probed her slippery slit, she moved back to ease my way.

I smiled. "That's my girl," I said, wrapping my arms loosely around her waist as she kept her hands pressed to my jacket.

She pushed back as I entered her. She was slick and warm and tight—so fucking tight—exactly what I'd craved.

I put my hand on the back of her neck and felt her pussy jump. I gripped her there and slammed into her. She pushed her ass back, widened her stance, braced herself hard, and took it.

It took everything in me not to just give in and come. But I wanted that sweet pussy to come around me one more time before I gave in and shot my load.

"Like that?" I asked, slowing down, rocking my hips from side to side, making sure to trigger every little sensitive place in her pussy.

"Yeah, like that," she cooed. "Fuck me, baby. Give it to me."

I shook my head. She was pushing me. The dirty talk always pushed me closer.

I gave her a good smack on the ass for teasing me and she gasped, her cunt gripping me incredibly tight for a second.

I moaned. Nearly felled by my own ploy.

"Fuck me harder. Faster. Fuck me, baby." She was laughing.

Not for long.

I gave her three fast, hard smacks and

"SHE KNELT DOWN AND SLIPPED HER COOL, LUSH LIPS DOWN MY SHAFT."

watched my handprint welt up. Now she was groaning. And grinding back against me.

"You're a little slut," I said good-naturedly.

"And you love it," she said.

"I do. Play with your pussy. Come for me. Come all over my cock."

This time she responded to the dirty talk with a shudder. She braced herself with one hand and slipped the other between her legs.

Down the hill and over the property, someone emerged from the little white house. The snow ticked against my jacket, her coat, the trees. The temperature was dropping.

I put my hands on her shoulders, clamping them tightly. My girl liked to know I had a good hold on her. "They're coming…" I said in a sing-song voice.

Between my grip on her and the knowledge that company was coming, that tight wet pussy jumped. I laughed and leveraged my hands on her shoulders. I pounded into her fast and hard, watching the small figure begin to walk along the expanse of grass toward the hill.

"Seems like someone needs wood," I said conversationally, pausing to rock back on my heels, teasing her a little by not thrusting into her–just staying deep inside.

I felt her internal muscles quiver. I took a deep breath.

"Little do they know," I said, withdrawing slowly, "that I have wood."

I laughed at my own joke. So did Sadie, but it came out as a groan because I'd brought her right to the edge and kept her there.

I slid a finger through her wetness and drove into her ass as I pushed back into her fast and hard. "They're coming up the hill. They better not be the only one to come–"

She came. Her pussy working my cock, slick and warm and heavenly.

I only needed a few more thrusts before I was emptying into her with a stifled groan.

I tugged her back, smiling as we scurried to leave. "Hike up your pants, baby. We've gotta go. But at least we finally found our property line."

–O.F. Portland, OR

PARK FANTASY

Young, hot, and a hard ass–a dangerous combination. Our company's youngest architect had a habit of removing his tie and popping open the top few buttons of his shirt during strategy sessions. Next came the sleeves, rolled all the way up his forearm, revealing thick muscle covered with a dusting of honey-blond hair.

And it's not just Gavin's appearance that's distracting, it's his behavior. His energy and enthusiasm are contagious, but he doesn't take kindly to team members who don't contribute. That's when his eyes grow a little darker, his jaw a little tighter.

I'd never repeated the experience, but I was glad to have it in my repertoire. It came in very handy with new boyfriends when they inevitably and nervously asked me that crucial question: "Have you ever...y'know... *done* it with another woman?"

Now I had Mark practically panting as I described spreading my legs and feeling Lisa's hot breath on my wet pussy. We were sitting together on my bed. His cock was tenting his pants, and his eyes were bright.

Girl-on-girl stuff was a typical turn-on for guys. What Mark maybe didn't know was that a fair number of women got aroused from hearing about man-on-man sex.

So when I reached my story's climax (no pun intended), Mark was ready to jump my bones. As he leaned in to kiss me I put a hand on his chest to stop him.

"Hey, I got a question for *you*," I said, grinning wickedly. "Have you ever had sex with another *man*?"

Tit for tat. The ol' switcheroo. It was fun to watch some guys freak out over the question. It told me I probably shouldn't bother with them. But I also genuinely wanted to know, for the same reasons Mark had been curious if I'd ever lezzed it up.

It was because the idea of two males having sex turned me on to no end.

Mark didn't recoil, didn't start blustering about his ironclad heterosexuality. Instead, his gaze dropped and he bit his lower lip. Holy shit! Was I finally going to get my gay sex story? I'd asked half a dozen guys this same question and gotten unequivocal *Nos*.

"Well, back when I was a college freshman..." he said, then hesitated. "You're not going to come unglued about this, are you?"

Excitement was suddenly racing through me. I took his hand and said reassuringly, "Of course not."

He took a breath and told me the tale I'd been longing to hear. Mark set it up by explaining how tough his freshman year had been. He was at college on

LETTERS

CARNALCOPIA

a scholarship, and if he didn't keep his grades up he would be out of there. But the study load was killing him, and he had to spend every waking moment hitting the books. He had no social life at all, much less time for any recreational sex.

It had him totally stressed out and frantically horny. One night his dorm-mate casually suggested he go get a blowjob. "Yeah," Mark snapped, "just go up to a woman and ask if she wants to suck me off!"

The dorm-mate shook his head. "Go to the public park three blocks away. At night it's a heavy gay cruising park. You walk around for five minutes and some dude will come up eager to blow you."

It dumbfounded Mark. His dorm buddy had never said anything about being gay. In fact, he dated girls! But maybe the convenience of fast, anonymous oral sex was irresistible. After a week of agonizing, Mark went to the park after dark. He was nervous as hell as he started walking the unlit paths.

Sure enough, inside of two minutes an older man sidled up and nodded toward the trees. Dazed, Mark went with him. He'd never had sexual contact with any man before this incident, but the pleasure of that male mouth was undeniable.

For that first grueling semester Mark visited the park whenever he needed some release. He never blew any of the other men, but there was always someone there who wanted to suck him.

When he finished his confessional story, it really was bone-jumping time! I was out of my mind with arousal, and Mark was still randied up by my lesbian anecdote. We fucked like mad monkeys, and I came like gangbusters, but it was images from his story that were streaming through my head. Hot dude-on-dude action! Awesome.

Spent, we dozed. When I stirred again it was night. I sat up and looked warmly at Mark lying beside me, still dead to the world. My esteem for him had only increased with what he'd told me. I liked that he trusted me with this part of his personal history.

But he hadn't given a whole lot of detail. As I lay my head back on the pillow, my brain started conjuring the scene. There was freshman Mark walking the park's dark pathways, eager and anxious, his cock already half-hard in his jeans. I saw the shadowy skulking men, those who came to cruise. Each was without identity beyond their sexuality, here to give or receive anonymous sex.

As my fantasy took hold I imagined Mark trading a secret eye signal with one of these figures. They moved wordlessly off the path, to the trees. I further imagined myself as that nameless male who wanted to suck Mark's cock.

When we are under cover of the trees, I turn to him and reach boldly for his fly. No seduction, no parley. Excitement tingles all through me, and my own cock grows hard. (I had fun imagining *that*!) I tug Mark's zipper down and his glorious cock springs out. I take him in my hand, squeezing the velvet flesh, feeling the intense hardness beneath.

Mark sucks in a shuddering breath. I give his meat a few slow pumps. I can feel the pleasure radiating from him in the moon-silvered darkness. I reach my other hand into his jeans and fondle his balls. The pouches are warm and they stir on my fingers.

He moans out loud, unable to stifle the sound. All the sex in this park is conducted quietly. I'm gratified by the sound, but now I desperately want to taste him. It's what has brought me to this place—a craving for cock.

I sink to my knees, hearing leaves crackle. A night wind shivers through the branches overhead. There is a naughtiness, even a vulnerability, about this outdoor activity that makes my own cock throb. (I imagined it down my left pant-leg, my cockhead pulsing against my thigh.)

Mark's cock rises before my face.

Once again I cradle his nutsack, steadying his twitching rod. Then I open my mouth, unfurl my tongue, and lollipop-swirl his cockhead. His whole body jumps. I catch a dewdrop of pre-come and swallow it, relishing the mild

salty sting, knowing his load will be much more intense.

I close my lips around his swollen crown, still teasing his piss-slit with the tip of my tongue. My own cock is dribbling pre-come, but I'm content to let my needs build while I service this man's gorgeous cock.

With my mouth sealed around him, I begin to slide the ring of my lips down his shaft. I feel the roadmap of tiny veins. I note each individual throb of his member. His flavor floods me, a masculine tang at once intimately familiar and wildly exotic. As an active gay man, I've learned that no two cocks taste exactly alike.

He gasps as I work my way down his delectable inches. I wriggle my tongue along his staff. When his cockhead reaches my gag reflex I take him with practiced skill into my throat. Soon my nose is buried in the stubble of his shaved pube patch. I've sucked him right down to his balls, which I continue to caress.

For the count of five I just hold him like that, showing off my cocksucking talents. I come to this park all the time, looking to blow guys, especially the hot young studs from the nearby college. I wonder if he's a student. I wonder if he's even gay or just using this park as a handy place for a blowjob. It doesn't matter. We won't exchange a single word. All I'll know about him when this is over is the size of his cock and the taste of his come.

(This fantasy was playing vividly in my mind. Lying beside the still-sleeping Mark, I couldn't help but begin to finger my pussy, which was suddenly streaming.)

I lift my mouth slowly, letting him feel the sweet suction I'm applying. My cheeks are flattened in around his shaft. When I have my lips around his cockhead once more, I plunge right back down him. I take him into my throat. The seal of my lips never breaks.

I increase speed steadily. Familiar neck muscles strain. The cool night air touches my chin where a little spit has run out of my mouth. I hear him gasping above me, whoever he is, each sound a soft cry of astounded pleasure. He must really be liking this!

"THE COOL NIGHT AIR TOUCHES MY CHIN WHERE A LITTLE SPIT HAS RUN OUT OF MY MOUTH."

Or, I wonder, is this his *first* time here? It's possible. Somehow it makes the moment all the more precious. Now I'm seriously determined to give him the best suck-off he's ever had. If mine is the first male mouth he's ever had on his cock, I'm going to make sure he remembers it.

I somehow add more pressure so that my mouth is like a vacuum. The slick circle of my lips rises and drops. He never feels the graze of my teeth. My tongue doesn't tire. I lick all up and down him. I gently squeeze his nuts, knowing I'm bringing his load to a nice simmer.

His hips are starting to jerk. I show him I can take any thrust he gives me. He strokes experimentally into my mouth and I give a growl of pleasure. His hands settle tentatively on my head. I race my mouth up and down on him.

Finally he laces his fingers into my hair and begins to seriously face-fuck me, just like I've wanted. My mouth moves in a blur. His cockhead bangs my tonsils.

Suddenly his balls tighten, and I feel his body wrench. A second later the first thick jet of cream explodes into the back of my throat. Eagerly I swallow, but there's another and another, that lovely salty elixir. I take his every drop.

Fantasy changed into reality as my delving fingers brought me to a twisting orgasm there next to Mark. When the ecstasy had finished in me, I gave him a tiny kiss and closed my eyes.

–S.D., via email

What makes your carnal urges surge? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

MAGIC PORTAL

Geeks need sex as bad as anybody else. I was part of a co-ed group of role-playing, science fiction trivia loving, full-on geeks. But we weren't losers or social outcasts. Times had changed.

I was the odd girl out in the group, being single. Most everybody else had a significant other, including James who I'd known since we were both in high school.

What he didn't know was that I'd recently developed a wicked crush on him, perfectly timed with him having gotten himself a girlfriend. Her name was Vivian and she seemed a little stuck up to me. She never participated in our geek round tables.

My pussy ached for James. I cringed when I thought of all the opportunities I'd had with him in the past.

The group met up regularly to marathon old science fiction TV shows, or else break out the dice and go on magical adventures in a made-up game universe. I enjoyed those sessions. They eased my current loneliness, even with James so close yet so out of reach.

But all wasn't paradise between him and Vivian.

One night, we were walking home after hanging out with our friends. James and I only lived a couple blocks from each other, so we always accompanied each other. I could see he was brooding. He'd been short with everyone all evening.

"Hey, you alright?" I finally asked. "Is something wrong?"

At first I didn't think he was going to answer. But our friendship ran deep, and he sighed and said, "It's got to do with Vivian."

To my credit I didn't take any pleasure at the possibility of romantic trouble for him and his girlfriend. I told him he could tell me about it. After a minute he did.

"See," he said, "there's something I've always wanted to do with a woman. Sexually, I mean. Vivian's great in bed, don't get me wrong. But the thing I want to do she *absolutely* refuses to do. Which of course it's her right to say no to. But..."

"But?"

"The one time I brought it up, she freaked out. We almost broke up."

I tried to keep my tone light. "Now you pretty much have to tell me what it is, James."

He stopped walking. Embarrassed, he said, "Anal."

I almost brayed laughter but kept my expression neutral. "That's all?" I couldn't help asking. Anal sex had always been a regular part of my own sexual repertoire. I'd had no idea James had never been with a woman willing to give him her ass.

Walking the rest of the way home, I commiserated with him. In my bed that night I got out lube and my favorite dildo and treated myself to some self-inflicted butt play. Familiar pleasures awoke in my body. It had been a while since a guy had done me there.

As I built toward my climax, a plan formed in my mind. Writhing on the bed with the dildo deep in my ass, I thought I had the perfect solution to James' problem--and my own.

When I'd worked up my nerve, I invited James over to my place. I'd said we would have a private, one-on-one, role-play gaming session.

That night he came over. I had candles lit, a bottle of wine opened, and I was wearing a slinky black dress. James took the scene in, wide-eyed.

I poured him a glass of wine. I indicated the table where I had laid out the maps and dice and other traditional accoutrements for the game.

"The quest is called Magic Portal," I announced.

James was bemused. But he was also checking me out in my dress, trying to be covert about it. Nonetheless, we commenced playing, James starting the adventure and me guiding him through it by rolling the dice.

Excitement prickled my skin as he made his way to the castle of the Dark Queen. He was on his second glass of wine.

When his character encountered the Dark Queen herself, I described her in flagrantly sexual terms, a woman of ravenous carnal appetites. James faced off with her in the throne room.

"I draw my sword," James said.

I rolled the dice. "The Dark Queen laughs, and tells you it's hopeless. You can't resist her."

He was looking at the front of my low-cut dress. I pushed my tits out toward him

"I PRESSED MY CROTCH AGAINST HIS GROWING HARD-ON AS OUR MOUTHS CAME TOGETHER."

and gave him a sultry smile. "I summon a spell of protection..." he said distractedly.

"The Dark Queen's magic is more powerful." I stood from the table. The moment was here. I was risking my friendship with James, but I *had* to do this.

I undid the black dress and whipped it off. I wore nothing underneath.

James gaped. His eyes were on me, traveling every inch of my body. I shivered, as if he were caressing me.

Slowly he stood. Was he going to run away...?

"Johanna...you're beautiful."

I smirked. "I'm the Dark Queen, and my magic portal awaits you." I held out my hand, fighting to keep it from shaking.

He put his hand in mine, and I led him into the bedroom. "Magic portal?" he asked in a husky voice.

We stood at the foot of my bed. "My ass, James. I want you to fuck my ass. So that you'll have done it at least once. I want that for you."

He looked like he was going to weep in gratitude.

I picked up a tube of lube and started to get onto the bed, on my hands and knees, facing away. James' hand caught me and pulled me back. "Let me at least kiss you first," he whispered.

He drew me against him, my naked body against his still clothed one. His arms enfolded me. I liked the firm feel of him. I pressed my crotch against his growing hard-on as our mouths came together.

At first the kiss was tender, even tentative. But soon our lips parted, and I felt his tongue on mine. Electric delight flowed over me. His hands roved my back, reaching down to cup the swells of my ass. I flattened my tits on his chest as I ground against him. He pushed his swollen groin hard against my excitement-slick pussy.

When we broke the kiss--our first ever!--I helped him out of his clothes. I'd been swimming with him, but I had never seen James naked. The sight of his bare body didn't disappoint. He was trim but muscled, and his cock, fully erect, was built to please.

I took him in my hand and gave him a few pumps. He groped my breasts, plucking at my stiff nipples, which ignited new sharp pleasures in me.

After another salacious kiss, where our tongues delved deep, I said hoarsely, "Are you ready to fuck my ass now?"

He nodded jerkily. I resumed my climb onto the bed, taking my position. I squirted lube onto my fingers, reached behind, and swabbed my butthole with the cool goo. Anticipation made my pulse race.

The mattress shifted as he got on the bed behind me. I looked over my shoulder. His face was lit with wonder--and some uncertainty too, I thought. I tried to remember if I'd been nervous the first time I'd done anal. I wanted this to be the best possible experience for him, even if we only ever did it once.

"Scoot forward a little," I said. "Put the front of your thighs against the back of mine. That's good. You can rub your cockhead over my hole."

He took his shaft in his hand and aimed his swollen knob. When he brushed my dark entrance, I jumped. He flinched. "No!" I said. "It feels good."

Bolder, he smeared his 'head around in the lube.

"Good," I went on. "Now press it to my hole." Then I added, mischievously, "The Dark Queen commands you."

A grin flickered across his handsome face. (Why hadn't I realized how hot he was years ago?!) He concentrated, and I felt that thick crown push against my ring. My dildo had been nice the other night, but nothing beats authentic cock.

I heard James gasp. At the same time his cockhead slipped inside me. My back channel stretched to accommodate him, sending waves of sexual elation through me. I growled lustily.

"Does it hurt?" he asked a little timidly.

"Only in the best possible way. Slide more inside me."

His hands closed over the halves of my ass. He pushed forward again, but

LETTERS

BOOTY TIME

he did it slowly, by increments. I silently approved. It was good anal etiquette on his part. He had all the right instincts for this. Vivian was an idiot for turning down a guy with such innate talent.

My hole distended even further, adapting to the welcome intrusion. My pussy streamed in sympathy. James' girth reamed me nicely. He moaned in pleasure.

Bit by bit he sank himself into me. My knees rocked me back onto his cock. There was a luscious vulnerability to this act that I relished. It was the perfect complement to James' own long-held desire to penetrate a woman in this way.

Nothing was quite so intimate as anal sex. It was an act made for sweet surrender and tender conquest. I felt lucky to be James' first anal partner.

Finally he was all the way inside. I breathed heavily. "It's so tight!" he gasped.

"Now you can fuck me. Now my ass is truly yours."

I braced my hands on the mattress. James was pressed in tight behind me, his cock buried in my asshole. Starting slow again, he began to stroke into me. He groaned. It was almost a sound of disbelief, like all his expectations were coming true. He must have built this thing up over a long time.

I shoved back against his thrusts, encouraging him to fuck me harder. A second set of instincts seemed to kick in for him. He sank his fingers deeper into the flesh of my ass-cheeks and stroked more insistently.

Now I really felt his impacts. Our bodies smacked together. He drilled me to my depths with every plunge. That special dark pleasure--tuned to the anal frequency of sexual joy--buzzed throughout my being. Orgasmic fury gathered up in me.

Finally he kicked into his ultimate gear, pounding my butt, knowing I could take it. A yowl started deep in my throat. Somehow it turned into words: "Yes! Come in the Dark Queen's dark hole!"

His spunk erupted as he cried out, sharing the climax that tore through my body. I was so glad to have given him this.

I was also glad when he broke up with Vivian a week later.

–Johanna, N., via email

TOTALLY PLUGGED

I'd quietly admired my biking teammate, Ana, from afar for quite some time. Lagging behind our group, I'd find myself fixated on Ana's ass and how it molded over the edges of her seat, bouncing and jiggling with every bump we hit.

After months of admiring Ana, fantasizing about burying myself inside her, we finally hooked up. One encounter led to two, then three and four. Before long we discovered a mutual propensity for exhibitionism and ass-play.

One night as we lay in bed lazily stroking one another's backs, Ana proposed a way we might have more fun while biking with our team.

The following morning, we put our plan into action. I was so excited by the idea of Ana attending our team's practice session with a butt plug in place that my dick stood at attention the second she got an all fours and parted her cheeks.

Our teammates knew we were dating, but no one would ever suspect that we'd bring our foreplay into a team practice.

But we would know.

Forcing myself to ignore the raging erection slapping against my thigh, I focused instead on the dark-pink puckered circle dotting the center of Ana's ass and prepared to prime her for the plug.

Placing one hand on either hip, I squeezed my fingers until they sank into her soft flesh. Ana's thighs were thick and her ass plump. I loved the round fullness of her cheeks and the way they pressed against my pelvis when I took her from behind.

Feeling it was only appropriate to pay homage to something I loved so much, I brushed my lips over one cheek, then the other. Spurred on by the sigh that Ana heaved after my second kiss, I

turned my attention to the hole nestled between her cheeks. I traced the edges using the tip of my tongue, circling slowly so that I could feel the fine creases lining her skin.

When Ana shoved her ass in my face, I pulled back, knowing it was time to take this a step further. Swirling my tongue over my pinky finger, I made sure the digit was good and slippery before pressing the pad against Ana's asshole. I circled the puckered skin slowly, spreading my saliva until she glistened.

Adding a bit of lube to the mix, I massaged Anna's asshole until her back bowed and little mews of pleasure fell from her lips. Once my finger could slide along Ana's skin without resistance, I dipped the tip into her hole.

Like a silken Chinese finger trap, the deeper I pushed my finger, the tighter her hold on me became. Eager to help Ana relax, I placed my free hand on the base of her spine and began to gently stroke her back. With every sweep of my hand, Ana's muscles became more pliant, enabling me to slip a second finger inside her hole.

Ah!

Ana's throaty scream echoed off her bedroom walls.

My cock pulsed in response. I wanted to hear that again.

Reaching around to Ana's front, I found her clit and began to massage her.

Groaning, Ana rocked her hips against my hand. Of course, the action shifted her ass as well.

My hand followed her movements, my fingers still firmly nestled inside her tush. Taking advantage of the fact that I was holding Ana from both the back and the front, I steadied her hips and used a third finger to stretch her asshole even wider.

Ana wasn't moving anywhere. Instead she relaxed against me, sighing contentedly as I continued to massage her body from the inside out.

Finally satisfied that Ana was stretched wide enough to comfortably accept the plug we'd selected, I eased my fingers from her hole.

"I SLOWLY TWISTED MY WRIST, ALLOWING THE RIBBED CONE TO WORK ITS MAGIC INSIDE ANA."

Ana protested with a groan, but we both knew the brief feeling of loss would be worth it in the end.

I bent to pick up the plug that had rolled beneath Ana's body and cradled it in my palm. Dousing the silicone cone with lube, I rolled it around in my hand, making certain it was nice and slick. Then I placed the tip against Ana's gaping asshole, circling the rim before sliding the cone inside.

With the plug comfortably seated in Ana's asshole, we were ready to hit the road.

As we walked to the elevator with our bikes, I allowed myself to lag behind a bit, enjoying the way the plug forced Ana to clench her cheeks with every step. My dick twitched beneath my tight Spandex bike shorts.

Now we were both walking funny.

Fortunately for Ana, hopping on her bike erased any evidence of the silicone cone nestled inside her asshole.

Unfortunately for Ana, every bump she hit made her booty bounce on the seat, pushing the plug deeper inside.

Our teammates had no idea that the sweat beading on Ana's brow wasn't due to the exertion of exercise. Only we knew that a ribbed cone was nestled firmly inside Ana's asshole.

Around mile ten we began our cooldown when a teammate pulled up alongside Ana and asked if she was all right.

"You look a little tense," she said with concern.

I truly thought we were busted. Biting my tongue, I looked off to the side to hide the blush that had begun to bloom on my cheeks.

Fortunately we were mere blocks from the end of our ride, so close to bringing this little game to an explosive finish.

Ana gracefully thanked our friend for her concern and mumbled some lie about straining her back lifting boxes the night before. Careful to avoid eye contact with one another, we pedaled on.

Finally we reached the end of our ride. With only myself and Ana remaining as we sped home, I no longer tried to hide my erection. The smooth Spandex of my bike shorts caressed the hot silken skin of my shaft, making me break out in a sweat.

By the time we reached Ana's front door, I was pawing at her like an animal in heat. Fuck running to the bedroom; I would bend her right over the couch that sat a few feet from her front door.

As soon as the door opened, I lifted Ana over my shoulder and made a mad dash for the couch. Glancing around, I noted a small pair of scissors sitting on the side table.

LETTERS

↘ BOOTY TIME

Fucking perfect.

I set Ana down in front of the couch and bent her body over it, placing her hands on the cushioned back. Shoving one of my feet between her own, I coaxed her legs apart.

Grabbing the scissors off the table, I took a moment to admire the stunning woman who loved ass-play as much as I did. Her ponytail hung over her face, brushing over alabaster skin that had gone rosy-pink from anticipation and arousal.

Unwilling to invest the time and effort it would take to roll Ana's Spandex bike shorts down her perfectly sculpted thighs and ultra-trim calves, I carefully pulled the waistband away from her body and began to cut along the central seam.

The material cut easily with a satisfying *zip*, slowly peeling away to reveal Ana's bare ass. When I reached the protruding plug, I lifted the fabric away a tiny bit more, careful not to hit the plug's handle as I continued to remove Ana's pants.

When the Spandex hung off of Ana's legs in tattered scraps, I took a step back and drew in a breath before shucking my own pants and throwing them off to the side.

Taking hold of the plug, I slowly twisted my wrist, allowing the ribbed cone to work its magic inside Ana.

Groaning, Ana shuddered. Hours of ramming the plug up her butt as she rode had left her extra sensitive, threatening to come apart at any second.

Giving the plug another twist, I watched with satisfaction when Ana's hips hitched in response.

Finally, I removed the plug. Ana's asshole remained wide open—a tempting invitation to my already throbbing dick.

"ANA'S ASSHOLE CLOSED AROUND MY SHAFT, DRAWING ME DEEPER. "

Realizing I needed a condom, I hastily glanced around, hoping we'd left some behind during a previous evening's adventures.

Shiny blue foil packets caught my eye on the coffee table.

Thank God.

Giving my shaft a quick stroke, I tore the foil packet open with my teeth and fumbled with the latex sheath, nearly dropping the damn thing in my haste to roll it on.

But there was still one last thing I needed to do before sliding into Ana's asshole.

Bending, I lowered my face to her hole and trailed my tongue around the edges. She was so open, my tongue dipped inside easily, teasing at the ultra-sensitive skin. Her strangled moans reverberated through my body, making my dick pulse with need.

Feeling ready to burst, I held my breath as I finally slid into Ana. Hot and so impossibly tight, Ana's asshole closed around my shaft, drawing me deeper.

My balls grew tight and my eyes rolled back. Biting my tongue to keep the building surge of pleasure at bay, I gripped Ana's hips for support and slowly began to rock into her.

Damn, she felt good. Her hole was so fucking tight, I could barely move within her, which suited me just fine. I didn't need to move much to feel her walls ripple over me, milking my shaft so that my whole body tingled.

My breaths grew shorter and faster. Seconds from coming apart, I shoved my dick as deep into Ana's asshole as it could go before bringing the flat of my palm down onto her cheek. Hard.I watched as her plump hips and cheeks jiggled, deliciously out of rhythm with my own movements.

Unprepared for the sudden sting on her skin, Ana's body tensed beneath me, holding my dick tighter than I ever thought possible.

This time there was no holding back

my orgasm. My eyes crossed, blurring my vision as hot come jettisoned into the condom. The more I pumped into Ana, the harder I came, leaving me in what felt like an infinite loop of blinding pleasure.

Eventually, my ejections came up dry and I stilled, taking in my surroundings as my vision cleared. Though her hair was tousled and her breath short, Ana maintained her downward-dog position beneath me.

Mustering the last of my energy, I sank onto the couch and pulled Ana into my lap. She relaxed into me, resting her cheek on my chest. Her eyes fluttered shut and for a moment I thought she'd fallen asleep.

Just as I was about to drift off, Ana's warm breath fanned across my chest as she whispered, "Next time I think we should use a bigger plug."

.–F.D., via email

FRIENDLY FAVORS

I met my good friend Sabrina just before we both graduated college. The timing was fortunate, because we were both bound for a certain expensive Midwestern city and needed to find a roommate. Besides the benefit of splitting the rent though, living with Sabrina had plenty of other 'benefits' too.

"I was always somewhat sexually open–I wouldn't call myself promiscuous, but more like 'experimental.' If it involves pleasure and it's not illegal, I'm usually game, and I enjoy showing off my body too (I'm rather tall at 5'8, with green eyes and dark blonde hair). Luckily, Sabrina shared my sensibilities, and so before we ever signed a lease, we hooked up in my dorm–and one night turned into an entire weekend romp. And once the lease was signed, well, every room in our cool new condo got 'christened' with puddles of our pussy juice.

Sabrina was (and still is) an utterly stunning and sexually insatiable woman. She had the most delicious olive skin and a natural set of DD-cup boobs with rosy nipples that I could suck on all day long. And with beautiful light blue eyes and dark silky hair to top off her gorgeous figure, she was a vision–and there's not a day that goes by when I don't fantasize for a minute about tasting her juices, or her swirling tongue on my clit.

However, let me be clear: Sabrina and I were definitely lovers, but not "in a relationship" like committed lesbians or anything – we both dated other people, mostly men. We'd compare notes all the time on our separate sexual adventures while occasionally partaking in all kinds of play together as well. Sometimes, particularly after a shitty week at work, she'd drag me out to a girl bar and we'd pick out a hot babe to bring home to share.

For the most part, we both viewed our occasional Sapphic sessions as a sweet and harmless release that was tangential to everything else–since neither of us was in a rush to settle down anyway. Dating was a sport, at least until I met Brad.

Once it became clear that Brad and I were getting more serious, one of the first things I did was tap Sabrina to fulfill Brad's fantasy about having a threesome. How's that for a surprise thirtieth birthday bash?

For his part, Brad loved his "gift" – but otherwise we were your typical couple and there was no weirdness towards my roommate. Brad was the "sexual bad boy" that I craved, but in every other way he was "good," even bordering on traditional. Yet, he didn't mind at all if I had fun with Sabrina while he was away on business. Now, fast-forward about eight months later, the holidays were approaching.

By then, Brad was definitely expressing a desire to explore my backdoor in bed. Up until that point, I'd experimented with plenty of things, but I'd never gotten around to giving up my anal virginity. It's not like I had 'anal-phobia' or anything, but every time Brad tried to slip his finger inside my asshole I'd tense up, we'd start laughing, and the mood was gone. Brad was super sweet and assured me it was fine and we'd work up to it eventually. "Butt" after our third attempt at backdoor exploration, I was getting impatient with myself. It was high time I tried anal! I knew I wanted

LETTERS

↘ BOOTY TIME

give him my ass for Christmas–and that Sabrina would be the one to help me make it happen.

Per our numerous chats about sex, I knew Sabrina loved anal and had done it with a couple guys, and even one girl with a strap-on.

I texted Sabrina to meet me for an emergency after work drink, and I didn't waste any time once she arrived: "I need your help with something."

"What is it?"

I smiled and took a sip of my martini: "I want you to help me…"

"Yes?"

"I want to give Brad an early Christmas present."

"Oh? Sabrina giggled. "You want to do another threesome?"

"Well, yes and no. I want to give Brad my ass and finally lose my anal virginity and I want you to step in and show me the way."

Sabrina's face lit up. "Really? All the times I've played with you and you still haven't done that?"

I shook my head.

"Oh wow! Don't worry, babe–I'm on it." Sabrina giggled. "I'll help for sure!"

What are good, kinky friends for anyway, right? I hinted to Brad that he might be in for another hot double-teaming session with my girlfriend and he was all about it–but he had no idea the extent of our plans.

One the big night, Sabrina came over early and we changed into some cute holiday-themed lingerie: an open-tip 'Santa' teddy for her, and red backless panties with an adorable bow for me.

We waited beside our beautiful tree in the living room for Brad to come home–but old horny habits die hard, so we got a little bit of a head start!

Sabrina kissed me and played with my nipples. "I'm half-tempted to fuck your ass myself instead of waiting for him."

"Mmm, well you can definitely get me warmed up…"

Sabrina kissed her way down to my pussy and dove in. She sucked on my clit and did the thing where she swirls it in her mouth and drives me crazy–but–then she replaced her mouth with just a finger and turned her oral attention further south.

"I FELT SO FUCKING GOOD IT WAS LIKE MY ASSHOLE WAS PRACTICALLY BEGGING FOR ATTENTION."

"Not many people realize this, but your clit and your asshole are like on the same circuit...so let's see what happens when we play with both at the same time." She gave me an evil grin and started to lick my butt while flicking my clit back and forth in her fingers.

I gasped. "Oh fuck! Oh my god, Sabrina!"

Using her free hand, she started to finger my pussy a little. "It's all about enticing both holes at once. I bet you're feeling really good right now, hmm?"

"Oh yes!" I moaned loudly and pulled on her hair.

Sabrina grinned and took her fingers out of my pussy. She made a show of savoring my juices with her tongue and then wetting her fingers even more. "Now, I'm going to tease your clit and you tell me how this next bit feels…"

I felt her sucking my clit again and would have easily lulled away into that sensation–but then I felt her wet finger prodding my anal entrance. However, this time I didn't tense up, even as I felt her finger slipping past the sensitive ring of muscle. Indeed, Sabrina was right about my clit and ass being "on the same circuit."

I felt so fucking good it was like my asshole was practically begging for attention. When she slipped a second finger inside, I felt my eyes roll backwards. She finger fucked my ass and licked my clit until I was just about to come–but then she stopped me.

"Wh–what? Why are you stopping?"

Sabrina smiled. "We aren't stopping. You're right where I want you."

With that, Sabrina reached behind the tree and presented me with an adorable candy cane-striped vibrator. "We're going to work up to the big event – and

be festive."

I laughed and kissed her. "You're too much!"

Sabrina playfully swatted my butt. "Turn around now…"

When Brad walked in, no doubt we were quite the sight! I was on all fours beside the Christmas tree moaning and flushed bright red, while Sabrina was stroking my clit and ever-so-slightly penetrating my ass with the vibrator.

As he slowly processed the scene before him, Brad dropped his briefcase, which made both of us look up.

I smiled. "Hey honey."

"Sorry–sorry." He stammered. "Please–don't stop. Keep going."

Sabrina waved. "How's it going, Brad?"

"Well…" He chuckled. "I don't know if I have words for that at the moment."

Sabrina giggled. "Don't over-think. I'm just getting Kim nice and warmed up for you."

I motioned for Brad to come over. "We've been waiting…Come here."

My gorgeous man didn't make me wait any longer. I practically ripped open his pants and tore off his shirt–I was so horny! And then Sabrina and I each took turns sucking his cock. However, even while we were "busy" with Brad, Sabrina kept her eyes on my ass–she insisted on letting the vibrator hang out back there on low speed, just to keep me primed and ready.

As someone who had never experienced an anal orgasm before, I relished every new sensation of pleasure 'back there' and found that with anal arousal, everything else going on felt even more electric.

With the vibrator going in my ass while I gobbled down Brad's shaft, I almost came when Sabrina just casually stroked my clit–like, it was overwhelming in the most delicious way.

I gagged and gasped – and Brad gently pulled away. "You ok?" He asked.

"Oh yeah, definitely." I smiled at him. "Come on baby, I'm so ready to have you fuck my ass."

"Merry Christmas!" Sabrina chimed in. We both giggled, and then she took the toy out of my ass. "Come see this beautiful butt."

Brad grinned. "Oh wow, you got her all wet…."

I nodded. "She showed me some tricks. Now come – don't make me wait anymore."

Never one to disappoint in the bedroom, Brad lubed up and entered me doggy style – and this time there was no knee-buckling resistance, only a sweet, taboo stretching of my un-tried rear passage.

He went nice and slow while Sabrina reached underneath me and rubbed my clit. We stayed like that for a bit, but then Brad wanted to "thank" my friend for her help.

So I climbed on top and went at it anal cow girl-style while my hot friend climbed on top too and got her pussy and ass licked by my doting man. Sabrina and I kissed and touched each other as I savored every inch of Brad's dick in my tight little ass. We totally came together, but ever the "BFF," Sabrina made sure to keep my clit stimulated the entire time so that my first anal orgasm was utterly mind-blowing. As my ass muscles clenched down on Brad's dick, I felt him explode too, leaving a warm load deep inside me–what a rush!

Afterwards, we all relaxed for a bit – until I insisted that Sabrina take a turn with Brad, because no doubt her ass deserved a good fuck after how great she'd been to mine. Suffice it to say, after finally popping my anal cherry, I am now a fervent anal convert – and it's a good thing, because for Sabrina's birthday, she wants my ass again–and my now-fiancé is more than happy to oblige!

–R.C., via email

How sweet are you on the rear view? We want to hear all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

SNOW BUNNY

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WHEN IT'S COLD OUTSIDE.

"I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT, BABY."

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LETTERS

OPEN SEASON

GUEST STAR

My husband and I took a vacation together with a goal to spend as many nights as possible in different beds. One afternoon, I wandered up to the poolside bar alone. There were only a few other people seated, and I slid onto a stool next to a petite, curvy brunette. When I ordered a piña colada, she turned and lifted her drink with a smile, showing me she was sipping the same.

After toasting to a memorable vacation, we got to chatting, which quickly led to flirting. Every time Jill laughed, her breasts would bounce, straining the already overtaxed strings that tied her bikini top around her neck. By the time her husband arrived at the bar, we were leaning close to one another, whispering and giggling.

"Well, I came to collect my wife, but I see she's got her hands full."

Having already been tipped off to Luke's desire to bring a third person into their bed, I was happy he noticed his wife's interest. I turned to face the deep voice that rumbled behind me, ready to dazzle him with a smile.

Luke's six-foot tall, muscular frame blocked the pool behind us from view. "I came to grab my wife, because wine was just delivered to our room, but I think I better grab another glass."

"Please," I said, accepting the hand Luke offered to help me off my stool.

We walked away like that, with Luke holding my hand on one side and his wife's hand on the other. As we made our way from the bar towards the main hotel, I caught a glimpse of my husband stepping inside with the blonde I spied him flirting with earlier. We shared a quick wink before turning our attention back to our current partners.

Inside Luke and Jill's suite, the lights were dim a bottle of wine sat chilling in a tub of ice. Of course, that's not really why I was here.

Fortunately, Jill and I were on the same page. "I don't want wine, I want Lisa," she insisted.

Taking my hand, Jill pulled me away from her husband and led me to the massive L-shaped sofa that dominated the living space in the suite. She settled on the long end, where there was no back to lean against, and pulled me down next to her.

My ass had barely hit the seat when Jill's lips descended, trailing a hot, wet path along my collarbone and up my neck. Reaching that sensitive spot behind my earlobe, she gave my skin a quick nibble, making me quiver.

Then Luke sank into the open seat on my other side, throwing Jill and I both off balance. In her haste to stay upright, Jill's hand landed on my breast. She murmured her approval at the serendipitous turn of events, giving me a squeeze right as her husband started kissing my neck.

I groaned, allowing my head to drop back as I surrendered to them both.

Jill's hand slipped behind my back, her fingers brushing over me as she tugged the strings of my bikini top until the tiny triangles of material fell into my lap. Then Jill tossed the bathing suit top to the side and she and Luke laid me down, settling my back on the couch and spreading my legs wide.

Both of them had hands on my breasts now. One on either side. Jill's small, delicate hand kneaded me gently, standing in stark contrast to her husband's strong, thick fingers that encompassed the entirety of my breast.

It was intoxicating. The absolute sweetest torment. Then Luke's hand began to travel south, skimming over my abdomen to slip beneath my bikini bottom.

I wriggled beneath him, lifting my hips to lean into his touch. The tips of his fingers teased at my clit, making my toes curl.

Still, I wanted more. I wanted his fingers to close around my bud, to massage the sensitive nub until I screamed from the intensity.

Luke, however, seemed intent to brush over me gently, promising pleasure if only I could lift my hips enough to meet him halfway.

But how could I with Jill's weight

pressing into me, her body firmly holding mine down as she fondled my breasts?

With Luke's hands otherwise occupied between my thighs, Jill had taken it upon herself to lavish both of my breasts with attention. Her tongue trailed along the underside before traveling up my cleavage to circle back over the top, mapping the teardrop shape. She followed the same pattern on my other side, diverting slightly to flick her tongue over my nipple. Then she traced around the nub with her tongue, taking a good, long taste before sucking it between her lips.

Jill continued to massage my breasts as she worked over my nipple with her tongue. It was a delicious combination, but it also made the insistent pulse beating between my legs stronger, stoking my desire.

Then Luke pressed his fingers against my clit, finally providing the pressure I craved.

No longer in control of my own movements, I groaned as my hips lifted off the couch, increasing the intensity tenfold. I wanted more of that. Needed it.

My body seemed to scream when Luke pulled his hand away, but before I could protest out loud, I felt the strings of my bikini bottom give way.

Luke's deep voice rumbled against my thigh. "First, I'm going to taste you, then I'll sample my wife. Let's see if I can taste the sweetness of those piña coladas you were sipping earlier."

"I GROANED, ALLOWING MY HEAD TO DROP BACK AS I SURRENDERED TO THEM BOTH."

His head dipped back between my legs, leaving only his sandy blonde hair in view. Then he breathed a cool puff of air over my soaking wet slit, sending a shiver up my spine.

While Luke's tongue played between my folds, collecting as much of my arousal as he could on his tongue, Jill slipped a hand down to cover my clit. This time there was no teasing. Jill pressed her fingers against me, applying the perfect amount of pressure as she massaged me.

Luke and Jill truly made a diabolical team in bed. Between Luke's probing tongue pushing inside me and Jill's nimble fingers playing with my clit, I was completely done for. My thighs clenched, brushing the sensitive inner skin against Luke's stubbled cheeks, feeling like a shower of sparks falling over my heated skin.

Then Jill gave my clit a quick pinch, sending me hurtling over the edge.

A scream rumbled in my chest, lifting my body off the couch. All of my muscles grew impossibly tight, making me twitch as the pulse between my legs reached a fever pitch. Then just as quickly my whole body relaxed, sinking into the couch.

As the last of my tremors subsided, Jill rolled over and settled on her back next to me. She spread her legs, brushing her thigh against mine.

"Tell me who's sweeter, baby," she purred to Luke, her knee knocking against mine as she opened her legs even wider.

Luke's head popped up between my legs. He smiled at me before licking his lips, cleaning off the last of my juices that lingered there. "Lisa *did* taste like sugar," he said with a wink. He moved over to his wife, slipping between her legs. "And I already know you taste like honey."

I rolled onto my side, watching as Luke bent to slide his tongue between his wife's slit. He curled his fingers into her thighs for support, making her

LETTERS

↘ OPEN SEASON

golden skin grow red from the pressure.

Wanting to help Jill find the same pleasure she gave to me, I reached out and gently brushed my fingers over her breasts, using a featherlight touch to awaken all the nerves beneath her skin. Once tiny goosebumps began to appear, I closed my fingers around her nipple, slowly applying pressure until I felt the bud swell.

"Yes," Jill screamed.

Eager to please, I slid my hand to Jill's other breast and gave that nipple a pinch as well.

Jill's body tensed again, but instead of screaming she grabbed my wrist. "Lisa," she gasped. "I want to taste you. Sit on my face."

Never one to deny another orgasm by skilled hands – or tongues – I pulled myself up to straddle Jill's flushed face. With nothing to grab onto, I settled my knees on either side of Jill's head and moved my hands over my breasts.

As soon as my pussy was within reach of Jill's tongue, she wiggled it over me, stimulating the sensitive skin around my vagina.

Whimpering, I dropped my body just a little bit lower, making it possible for Jill to slip her tongue inside me just like Luke had. God, did that feel good. I rocked my hips against her, moaning when she added her lips and teeth to the mix.

"HIS HEAD DIPPED BACK BETWEEN MY LEGS, LEAVING ONLY HIS SANDY BLONDE HAIR IN VIEW."

Just as Jill and I found our rhythm, Luke turned it all on its head. My whole body pitched forward as he drove his dick inside of her. Every thrust of Luke's hips disturbed my balance, making me move hard and fast against Jill's busy tongue. Fortunately, Jill kept a good hold on my thighs, helping to keep me upright. Her screams of pleasure echoed against my pussy, creating a natural vibration that was positively sublime.

Better still, the harder Luke thrust, the more Jill would moan, making her open her mouth wider as she endeavored to devour my pussy. Feeling close to another orgasm myself, I followed the motion of our bodies, allowing Luke's thrusts to direct my movements.

It took Jill succumbing to her own orgasm for me to find pleasure the second time. Her scream was long and loud, but damn if she didn't keep trying to lick me through it. The sudden change in pattern was all it took to make me explode.

While I struggled to stay upright, Jill's body bucked beneath me. Unlike the quick bursts of pleasure that made my eyes roll into the back of my head, her orgasm was slow and long, drawing every last ounce of pleasure out of her until she whimpered beneath me.

As Jill grew still, Luke's grunts of pleasure filled the room. I lifted myself off of Jill and crawled onto the couch just in time to see Luke reach his own peak. His eyes closed tight and sweat beaded on his brow as he pumped into his wife hard and fast. Completely spent, he relaxed against Jill.

By now the sun had begun to set, dimming the light in the room. Luke and Jill were dozing together on the couch, so I slipped back into my bikini and quietly stepped into the hall, headed to meet my husband for dinner and discussion about our afternoon apart.

–L.K., Hollywood, FL

JANE SAYS

My wife, Jane, and I are happily married, but a few times a year, we like to spice things up by inviting a new person into our bedroom. We started this tradition after a very drunk New Year's Eve with a friend of ours. Until that night, I'd never thought I'd be into an open relationship, but when my wife and I get to fuck someone else together, as a team? It's the hottest thing imaginable.I came hard, burying my own squealing cry against his throat. The pleasure was intense, heightened by the motion of the train and the fact that we could've gotten caught at any moment.

With New Year's coming up again, we decided to recreate that night with a little less alcohol and a little more planning. We both dressed up—me in a suit, Jane in a slinky black dress—and headed to the local hotel bar where traveling businesspeople tend to congregate. I don't know what it is about business trips, but there's always at least one guaranteed freak in that crowd just waiting to cut loose. We booked a room for the night and went down to the bar.

Jane and I had a friendly wager. Whichever one of us found someone to take back to our hotel room first would get to dictate the rules for this particular encounter, like who came first or what sex toys to use. Honestly, although I love winning, having my wife tell me how to fuck another woman is incredibly hot, so I'm never upset when I lose.

That night there was the usual crowd of men in ties and women in modestly-cut dresses earnestly discussing campaigns and mergers, although a few lonely individuals sat gloomily watching the Times Square festivities on the bar's TV. I immediately spotted the perfect woman at the end of the bar: silky hair, bright red lipstick, sexy wrap dress. She was sipping a martini and eyeing the crowd with the subtle interest of a woman on the prowl. We weren't the only ones who had gone hunting for some New Year's action.

I opened my mouth, but my wife got there first. "She's mine," Jane said. She strode off and seated herself next to the woman, offering her a smile and a lingering handshake. The stranger's gaze drifted over my wife's substantial cleavage, and her lips curved in a sultry smile. Her black heels were wickedly tall, and when she crossed her legs, her wrap dress fell open a little, revealing smooth, toned thighs.

Already knowing who was going to win this competition, I halfheartedly flirted with a stacked blonde executive, watching out of the corner of my eye as my wife drew closer and closer to her target. Within fifteen minutes, they were making out, their hands drifting over each other.

"Excuse me," I told the blonde. "I have to take care of something."

She raised her eyebrows at the sight of my wife beckoning me over. "Looks like you're going to have a fun night."

I grinned. "Happy New Year."

The woman's red lipstick was slightly smeared now, and her hand roamed high on Jane's thigh. As I approached, they whispered to each other, then giggled, and the stranger eyed me with interest.

Her name was Sheri. She worked in communications at some marketing firm, and she had the confidence and directness of someone who was good at her job and knew it. She looked me up and down shamelessly, her eyes lingering on the growing bulge in my trousers.

"Is he any good?" Sheri asked my wife.

"He's amazing," Jane laughed. "And tonight, he has to do whatever I tell him to."

Sheri smiled, slow and sexy. "Then let's get out of here."

The three of us kissed in the elevator, and then it was a hot, stumbling race to get to the room. We knocked into walls, kissing furiously in various combinations and fumbling with each other's clothes. My slacks were already unzipped by the time we got to the room, and one of Sheri's breasts had been tugged out of her wrap dress. As the door shut behind us, I lowered my head and sucked Sheri's tight nipple while my wife held her in place from behind.

Sheri moaned and writhed, and then Jane pulled loose the tie of her wrap dress. It fell apart, revealing incredible natural curves. The naughty girl hadn't worn any underwear. I sank to my knees and stroked through her soaking wet folds, then pushed my fingers deep inside as I suckled her clit. She cried out as I licked her, and fuck, she tasted good.

Jane held Sheri's arms behind her back. Trapped between the two of us, she couldn't move, could only accept the pleasure we gave her. One of her legs hooked over my back, and her high heel scraped against me as she bucked against my mouth.

"Make her come," Jane ordered, and I happily obliged.

Once Sheri was done moaning and shaking, Jane guided her to the bed.

LETTERS

↘ OPEN SEASON

My wife looked at me with mischief in her eyes, and I groaned, knowing this was about to be a test of willpower and endurance. "You get to watch," she told me. "You can touch yourself, but you can't come." Then she pushed Sheri back and got on top of her, scooting up until she was straddling her face.

Sheri ate my wife out enthusiastically. Her fingers gripped Jane's hips, leaving marks in the skin, and she writhed on the bed as if giving oral felt just as good as receiving it. Jane moaned and steadied herself on the headboard as she rode Sheri's face.

There was no way I could avoid masturbating at that sight, so I gripped my dick and stroked, timing it to every roll of Jane's hips. I was hard as steel, and very quickly I had to ease up to avoid coming.

Jane looked over her shoulder at me and winked. Then she shifted until she was sitting the other way, facing me but with her pussy still rubbing over Sheri's tongue. "He's going to fuck you now," she told Sheri, motioning for me to grab the condom.

Sheri begged for it, her voice muffled, and Jane pinched her nipples. "Keep licking," Jane said. "We're going to get off together."

I knelt between Sheri's legs and picked up her hips so her legs wrapped around me. Before I could put the condom on, Jane bent over and sucked my dick. It was a dirty version of sixty-nine, with my dick bumping the back of Jane's throat while Sheri licked and fingered Jane's pussy. Jane's tongue swirled around the crown, and then she shifted position to lick Sheri's clit, which was nestled near the base of my cock. She repeated the sequence over and over again—sucking me, then lapping at Sheri's clit. My balls brushed against Sheri's wet pussy as Jane took me impossibly deep—she'd always been good at head and eager for every inch of me she could fit in her mouth—and the next stroke of Jane's tongue trailed over both of us.

It felt so fucking good, but I couldn't wait to get balls-deep in our new plaything. I moaned and gripped Jane's hair in my fist. She looked up and grinned. "Do you want to get inside her?" she asked.

"Yes." I couldn't wait, because Sheri was moaning and writhing against me, getting her wetness all over my shaft. She was beyond ready to be penetrated, and I was beyond ready to do it.

"Say please."

Jane looked like the cat who got the cream, and I loved how smug and bossy she got whenever she won our depraved little competitions. "Please let me fuck Sheri," I said.

Jane drew back and sat up, still grinding over Sheri's face. "Do it."

I rolled the condom on, then positioned myself at Sheri's entrance and pushed. She was tight but so wet I slid in easily, and she gasped and cried out like she'd never felt anything so good. I gripped her hips and started pumping, watching the wet slide of my body penetrating hers. I loved this position—me kneeling, her lying on her back with her legs around me—because I could watch the whole thing. Sheri's breasts quivered with every thrust, and as I picked up the tempo, she slid three fingers into Jane's pussy and pumped them in time with my movements. Jane was still facing me, and as she gasped and shivered with pleasure, she squeezed her own nipples. A flush spread over her skin.

While I fucked Sheri and Sheri fucked Jane, Jane stared at my dick sliding in and out of Sheri's soaking pussy. "How does she feel?" she asked.

"Tight. Hot." As I said the words, Sheri's vagina rippled around me. "Like she's going to come."

"Touch her clit," Jane commanded.

I did, holding Sheri in place with one hand on her hip while my other thumb played with her swollen little clit. I rubbed in circles, never letting up on the steady rhythm of my thrusts, and soon Sheri cried out and her body clenched around me.

Jane leaned forward and kissed me as Sheri shuddered and moaned beneath us. Our tongues tangled, and it was so fucking hot, feeling both of them at once.

Jane sat back, and as Sheri kept eating her out, she shivered and her cheeks flushed red. I recognized the signs; Jane was about to come.

Jane stiffened and shuddered. Once her orgasm was done, she slid onto the bed beside Sheri and kissed her. I was still thrusting, knowing I wasn't allowed to come until Jane said so.

My wife looked at me through heavy-lidded eyes. "Do it hard," she said, and then her fingers replaced mine on Sheri's clit. I gripped her hips and pounded, and as Sheri launched into another screaming orgasm, Jane finally said the words I'd been waiting for: "Now you can come."

I'd already been on the verge. I thrust a few more times and shook as my release shot out of me. My vision darkened, and I gasped for breath as the best orgasm of my fucking life steamrolled over me.

When it was over, I collapsed onto the bed. Sheri was sweaty and nearly incoherent, although she wore a giant grin. Jane rolled her onto her side and spooned her between us. As we lay tangled together, I heard a series of popping, crackling sounds. "Are those fireworks?" I asked, wondering if I'd come so hard I was hallucinating.

Sheri laughed and pointed at the streaks of red and gold out the window. "It's midnight."

"Is this the part where we're supposed to kiss?" I asked.

We burst into laughter, but we did, in fact, get our New Year's kisses a bit later, once I'd recovered. And as I watched Jane and Sheri tangling tongues around my erect cock, I reflected that this was the happiest New Year ever.

–G.T., Stanford, CT

"JANE MOANED AND STEADIED HERSELF ON THE HEADBOARD AS SHE RODE SHERI'S FACE."

PARTY FAVORS

Most everybody thinks their sex life is complicated. Maybe their lover doesn't completely fulfill their needs, or they can't let go of an ex's memory? Or maybe they're a bisexual woman, like I am, and their situation is especially complex.

I wanted a monogamous relationship. I really liked having a steady lover. Problem was, whenever I had a boyfriend, I wanted the taste of pussy on my tongue. But when I was with a girlfriend, even one perfect for me emotionally and physically, I couldn't help but crave hard cock and the muscular feel of a man. Yet I envied people in committed relationships. I wanted it both ways--literally.

One night I went out to a party put on by the company I worked for. I was currently between lovers, feeling a little dejected because of my peculiar dilemma. Still, I could look around at the other guests.

I first spotted the woman. She had a sweet shape, with breasts high and firm. When she turned away, I took note of her taut rounded ass. My eyes followed her. I liked the way she moved with an unself-conscious grace.

What would she be like in bed? I had no trouble imagining her naked. I pictured her nipples stiff, her pussy slick, her eyes glowing with desire. I would kiss her. Our mouths would move softly against one another. Then the kiss would deepen, our hands would explore each other's bodies. Soon we would be rolling around, pussies grinding together, flesh mingling, tongues flashing.

Excitement had my pulse speeding. I laughed silently at myself. The woman had moved off, going out onto the grounds surrounding the corporate space where the party was being held. She would have no idea I'd just heavily fantasized about her.

But since I was indulging in sexual daydreams, I decided it was only fair to pick out a guy as well. Standing by myself, I scanned the scenery. There were any number of reasonably handsome men here, but I waited until I saw one who gave me the serious tingles.

He was a looker with an athletic physique. Like the woman earlier he too moved with a confident ease that wasn't arrogant, just assured. I imagined him nude as well. I gave him a good-sized cock. Then I pictured myself on a bed with him. I handled his thick shaft. His hands groped my tits. Then I got up on him and rode him until we were both howling with orgasmic glee.

Again I laughed, this time out loud.

LETTERS

↘ OPEN SEASON

Suddenly I felt a bit ridiculous. I was an adult woman, fantasizing like a horny schoolgirl. The man had disappeared into the crowd, I realized.

I found that my cocktail glass was empty. I didn't want another drink. Maybe it was time to leave. I was only worsening my current feeling of loneliness.

Grabbing my coat, I headed out to the parking lot. Just as I was reaching my car, someone called out, "Hey, are you leaving?"

I knew plenty of people at the party of course, but it wasn't any of them who'd followed me out. When I saw who it was, my jaw about hit the pavement with disbelief. It was the woman. And the man. The very two I'd singled out for individual fantasies.

They approached me together, smiling. The man said, "My name's Mick and this is my girlfriend Tina. We'd been hoping to talk to you."

I still could only stare.

Tina said, "You were the most interesting looking person there." She offered me a sultry smile. I realized that Mick was giving me a similar leer.

But I was confused. Confused as hell--even as these two were seriously turning me on. "But you said she's your girlfriend...?"

"And Mick's my boyfriend," Tina said.

"OUR CLOTHES FELL SWIFTLY AWAY, BUT EVERYTHING FELT UNHURRIED, DREAMLIKE."

"But we've been looking for a third person," Mick continued. "A hot woman."

Again they both ogled me. My skin prickled. My juices stirred. This was crazy. Then again, how was a couple supposed to go about picking someone up?

Finally I spoke. "My name's Terese." Minutes later I found myself following them in my car to their nearby home.

I entered the tasteful house. In all my sexual adventuring I'd never done a threeway, even though that might seem the natural solution to part of my dilemma.

We didn't rush into the bedroom.

We sat in the spacious living room and talked awhile. They were both fascinating. Smart, empathetic, and yes, sexy as hell. They shifted places and sat on either side of me on the big couch. I liked them. I was certainly attracted to them both.

I knew for sure the attraction was mutual when Tina put her arm around me and drew me into a kiss. It was as soft as in my fantasy. Then Mick moved in gently and put his mouth on mine. Our lips parted and tongues tangled.

There was no undercurrent of jealousy. These two were at ease with each other, and with my presence between them. When they coaxed me onto my feet, I went eagerly with them to the bedroom.

Our clothes fell swiftly away, but everything felt unhurried, dreamlike. I beheld Tina's luscious curves and trailed my fingers over her lush breasts. Mick's cock was, if anything, bigger than I'd imagined. I took him in my grip, feeling the sweet throb of him.

Up onto the big broad bed we went. I felt a gentle mistiness working through me. Pleasure washed over me as I lay down between these two beautiful people. Tina was lovely, her skin satiny, and she responded with soft sighs when I touched her.

Mick was firmly muscled but not grotesquely over-developed. When we kissed, I felt the faint rasp of stubble. His hard cock pressed against my hip. Hands caressed me from either side. They both squeezed my tits.

Tina clutched me harder, tweaking my sensitive nipple right up to the edge of pain, just how I liked it. Mick's grasp was surprisingly gentle. He shifted his head and delicately licked my breast's silken underside. Pleasure swept through me. Tina put her mouth to me as well. She sucked energetically on my other tit, grazing my nipple with her teeth.

I lay there on my back, in a haze of gathering bliss. I reached out, reached down between each pair of legs. I took Mick's cock in my hand, giving it several pumps, savoring the girth and rigidity of him. I also trailed my fingers along Tina's

damp pussy lips, then parted her and slotted two fingertips into her, stirring her enticing wetness.

Pussy and cock. Both right here. This was paradise. But my mouth suddenly needed to taste them both. I somehow had to prove to myself that this was real, that I wasn't still back at the party daydreaming myself into a stupor.

I sat up and scurried down between Mick's leg. His taut thighs closed over my shoulders as I scooped up his hairless balls, which stirred warmly on my fingers. I aimed his swollen cockhead at the bedroom ceiling and lowered my mouth onto it.

His body jumped as I swirled him with my tongue, tasting his milky drool of precum. I started sucking my way downward, tongue tip plucking at the thick squiggles of his veins. I caved my cheeks in around him, applying suction. I easily overcame my gag reflex and took him into my throat.

His powerful male flavor was delicious. I rode my head up and down, never breaking the seal of my lips. Tina stroked my back, hand gliding from the nape of my neck down to the swells of my ass, which she squeezed forcefully. Her fingertips even strayed into the valley between my ass-cheeks and grazed my butthole and pussy. Electric pleasure danced through me.

Satisfied that Mick was real, I turned my oral attention to Tina. She eagerly lay back, spreading her creamy thighs. I lay between them and inhaled her intoxicating aroma before unfurling my tongue and licking her glistening slit. She writhed as I delved her deeper, going in for a heavy taste of her. I flicked her swelled clit. She grabbed my head and humped hard against my face. I happily tongued her until she came, her juices pouring into my mouth. Yes, she too was real. This was no fantasy.

Now they wanted their taste of me. We worked in silent sighing unison. Every movement seemed both spontaneous and carefully choreographed. I felt absolutely at ease with these two people. When Mick put his face between my legs, I jammed my pussy on his open mouth. Pleasure streamed in me.

From behind Tina gently rolled me onto my side. I kept my legs around Mick's head. Suddenly I felt Tina's hot tongue on my asshole. The dark joy swept me, intense and unexpected. They ate me like that, back and front, until I was clawing the sheets and yowling with ecstasy. My climax ripped up from my depths and left me deliciously limp.

I knew without anyone speaking that Mick was anxious to put that big cock in me. I wanted him from behind, and he seemed to sense that, helping me onto my hands and knees. My body trembled, my flesh alive with crackling need.

Mick knelt in behind me and slotted his cock into my pussy. He speared me all the way and I cried out, loving it. But I wanted more. Suddenly Tina was before me. She knelt facing away, putting her head on the bed and pushing her ass straight up toward my face.

Whimpering with pleasure, I run my tongue from her pussy all the way up through the sweet valley of her ass. I lingered on her asshole, licking out her ring like she'd done for me. Her gorgeous ass waggled back and forth, and I heard her muffled cries.

Mick pounded my pussy all the while. His thrusts were strong, his strokes deep. I felt another come ready to sweep over me. When I heard him grunt and felt him unload, my climax overwhelmed me. Tina came too, with my tongue up her ass.

In the afterglow I told them that I didn't want this to end. They held me tenderly between them, and said they wanted me to stay, to be girlfriend to them *both*.

I committed to them then and there.

–T.G., via email

Are you and your spouse happier with a guest star? How adventurous do you get? We want to hear all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

STRAPPED IN

BLAKE EDEN KNOWS HOW TO ENTERTAIN HERSELF JUST FINE.

"I FUCK WITH MYSELF MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE. BUT, YOU CAN WATCH."

—BLAKE

BLAKE EDEN

TOP 10

↘ STORMY DANIELS

TOP 10 HOTTEST HOLIDAY COCKTAILS

10. The Varnish Milk Punch
9. Architects and Kings
8. Hot Ward 8
7. Tequila Mint Hot Chocolate
6. Eve's Addiction
5. Spiked Cider
4. Riesling Hot Toddy
3. Remontel Toddy
2. Espresso Cocktail
1. Orange Brandy Hot Chocolate

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CONTENTS

114 || EDITOR'S NOTE

116 || FETISH LETTERS

122 || PICTORIAL: RYAN RYANS

128 || LESBIANISM: ALPINE GIRLS
A bored, pampered housewife searches for adventure in the Alpes.
By Allison Thomas

132 || EXHIBITIONISM: PIANIST ENVY
A dominant administrator finds the perfect young playmate.
By Will Dean

138 || WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

VARIATIONS

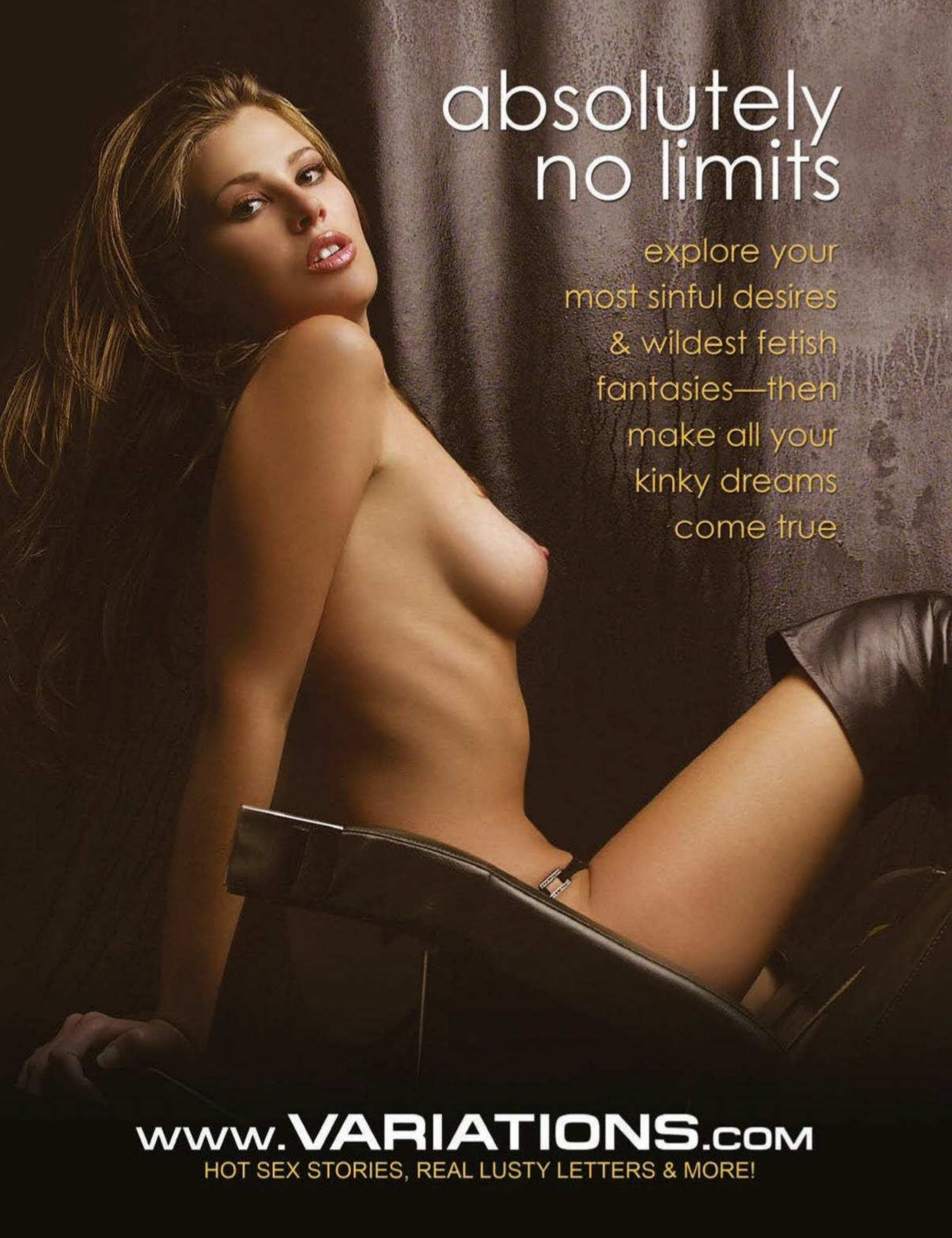
EDITOR'S NOTE

WHO says that it's better to be the dominant one than the submissive? Not here. This issue of P*enthouse Variation*s will have you spinning with desire to be smothered and whipped.

In "Alpine Girls", Allison Thomas tells the story of a bored, pampered, horny housewife who is introduced to a secret sex cult for wealthy wives. When the men are away, the women will play (with each other, of course.)

In Wide World, we meet a nylon fetishist, a sex-starved bartender and a woman who wants to be fucked like rag doll. Nothing is too wild here in the world of *Penthouse Variations*.

What's your private passion? Send your kinkiest sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.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BAD NAVIGATOR

Daniel is often the stoic one among us, but occasionally he has his hysterical moments. They are rare, but they always rattle me given how level-headed he tends to be. Driving out of state is one of his triggers.

"We'd just dropped off our daughter at college when the GPS lost its connection.

I sighed and pointed toward the upcoming exit. "She said to take the next exit. If the connection doesn't pick back up we can maybe find a place with Wi-Fi and look ahead on the route."

He grumbled something about "the fucking middle of nowhere," and I laughed. When he took the next exit, I glanced his way, seeing how tense he was. This wasn't going to be good.

At the end of the exit we were faced with a three-way split.

"Any idea which way the hotel is?"

I shook my head.

"Well, you booked it!"

I felt my muscles go tight and my jaw clamp down. I hated that tone. Outwardly, I kept my calm and reached for the phone. The little words still mocked me: NO CONNECTION.

I studied the signs and the driver behind us leaned on their horn.

"Which way? Which way?" he was practically chanting it and I lost my patience.

"Turn right. The sign says gas. Go there and we can ask at the fucking gas station," I snapped, wondering how people ever survived without the magic lady who gave directions from their phone.

He blew out a sigh and turned the wheel. He was clutching it so hard his knuckles had blanched white.

I got out of the car the moment it rolled to a stop and marched up to the small gas station store. I grabbed a soda and a water and approached the guy behind the counter. After I paid him, I leaned on the counter and said, "The hotel? It's around here?"

"The big chain one?" he asked. He smelled like gas and cigarette smoke, an interesting combination.

"Yeah."

"Just down the road. Turn left out of here. Once you get past the church on the right you'll see their sign sticking up above the tree line." He smiled and gave a cough. "Lemme guess. You lost your GPS?"

"Yep."

"Damn trees." He looked out the window at Daniel pacing around the car. "Looks like you need to get your man there. They have a bar. He looks like he needs a drink."

"He needs something," I said.

Once we were at the hotel we carried our bags up and shut the door.

"Look, I'm sorry about–"

"Take your pants off," I snapped.

He froze, his eyes grew wide, and his stance changed.

I went in the bathroom to wash my hands and splash my face, leaving him there to wonder if what he thought was going to happen was accurate.

I took my time.

When I returned, he was standing there with no pants and a hard-on like nobody's business. I shut the curtains, blocking out the lovely fall foliage.

I kicked off my shoes and then stripped slowly while he watched. He seemed to be barely breathing.

I sat in the gold armchair and patted my lap. "You know the drill. You were an asshole. You let your emotions override your logic. You were rude. You were

"HIS COCK BOBBED EAGERLY, WHICH BROUGHT A RUSH OF COLOR TO HIS CHEEKS."

impatient. You panicked."

"I'm sorry—"

"You're about to be," I snapped.

His cock bobbed eagerly, which brought a rush of color to his cheeks.

I patted my lap once more. "Now. I won't ask you again."

He draped himself across my leg and I felt that hard dick poking me. After a long trip, just to our halfway point between college and home, it was everything I had in me to ignore the wet pounding lust between my thighs.

I took a deep breath and let him wriggle. Then finally, "Stop moving like that. I know what you're doing. I'm not here for you to rub your cock on. I'm here because you were bad and deserve to be punished."

He whimpered and my cunt flexed. This was going to be good for both of us.

The first blow made my hand smart and his back arch. When his body relaxed, I felt his cock rub me again, but this time it wasn't on purpose. It was reflexive. And that made my pussy all the wetter.

I laid down ten good blows, not bothering to make him count. When he caught his breath, I started in again, reveling in the handprints that were blossoming on his pale ass. His dick felt hard enough to bat a baseball with, and I had to chew the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling.

I pushed him off roughly and he fell to his side on the hotel carpet.

"Eat," I said, letting my thighs fall open. I leaned back in the cushy gold-colored chair and watched him crawl to me. It's one of my favorite sights.

He put his large hands on the inside of my thighs and sat back on his haunches. He examined me for a moment.

"What are you waiting for?"

"Just looking at you."

"Why?"

"You're pretty."

I wanted to soften, but that would ruin it for both of us.

"If you're done looking, how about you get down there and take care of business?"

Another whimper. Another twitch of that big hard cock. My own juices had me drenched and he hadn't even touched me yet.

He leaned in, putting his mouth over my clit. He stayed still for a moment and I thought I'd lose my fucking mind. Just as I was about to chastise him, he flicked that hard bit of flesh with his tongue and my insides turned molten. He worked his way around my folds, teasing me just enough to make me crazy horny but not enough to earn my wrath.

His hands tightened on my inner thighs, almost an act of desperation, and that ramped my arousal up tenfold.

Daniel shoved his rigid tongue into my hole, fucking me that way until I rapped the back of his head and tsk-tsked him. He went back to sucking my clit, occasionally pausing to drag his flattened tongue against it.

I grabbed his dark hair and shoved my pussy against his lips. "Get me off. Now."

He gasped, and then it was all magic. His tongue moving and slithering over me, teeth occasionally raking me and sucking until I could barely catch my

VARIATIONS

↘ FETISHISM LETTERS

breath and my head was swimming.

He didn't ask permission. He pushed a finger inside of me, and I let it slide because that was the sensation that broke my resolve. I came with a growl, my pussy flickering around his thrusting finger. I chewed my lower lip as the spasms hit me and the warm fluid sensation of release rolled through me.

He looked up at me eagerly, hoping for a fuck. I smiled at him and patted his cheek. "Back over you go," I said and patted my lap.

He whimpered and my cunt flexed once more.

He draped himself over me, his cock hard as a steel rod against my leg. I took a breath, promising myself ten severely good licks and then I'd fuck him. Put him out of his beautiful misery.

My hand came down with an ear-cracking strike. He bucked. I laid down another over that one so the red handprints crisscrossed. He started to hump me. He didn't even know he was doing it, I was sure. I laid down three more fast strikes and watched his pretty white ass turn cherry-red. His body undulated like a desperate wave and I gave him the final blows fast and hard. Then, just for fun, I pushed a finger into his ass and flexed it so it hit the spot that would feel the best.

"Jesus–," he gasped. "Please–"

I pushed him back on the ugly hotel carpet and his cock sprang up straight. I laughed softly and straddled him, sinking down on his hard rod. When I was fully seated, I stayed utterly still to drive him mad.

He forgot the rules and attempted to thrust up from beneath me.

"Hey!" I said, leveling a finger at him. Daniel froze. "Do I need to stop the fucking and put you back over my knee?"

Inside my pussy his dick twitched, but he shook his head fast and hard. "No, no–"

"Then don't you move. *I* move," I snarled.

He nodded and bit his lip. He was trying *so very hard* to not fuck me. How cute.

When my stoic husband looked like he was going to cry, I began to move. He hissed when I slammed my hips down on him, grinding his tender ass against the rough hotel carpet. I was on top so he'd get optimum misery from his well-deserved spanking.

I put my hands on his shoulder and moved myself up and down his shaft. I paused every minute or two and clenched my internal muscles around him until he groaned.

I grew tired of my own game and began to fuck him in earnest. I had gotten myself right to the brink and now I needed it from him hard and fast.

I looked him in the eye and nodded. "You may move."

He inhaled sharply, grabbed my hips, and started to thrust up from beneath me. At this point, we'd both benefit from a good heart-stopping orgasm.

He moved just like I needed him to, hitting my G-spot like a pro. I held my breath, knowing that just a stroke or two more and I'd go over into that wonderful wet release.

"May I–"

I cut him off. "You may!"

He growled and thrusted up from under me even harder. It must have been killing his ass, and that made it so much hotter.

"Oh, fuck–" he grunted.

His pleasure made me peak. His body bucked beneath me, his fingers bit into my fleshy hips, and my pussy worked him as my pleasure slammed through me.

"Fuck, fuck…" I was chanting it and laughing. I had lost my stern demeanor.

He wriggled beneath me as his body relaxed. I could tell the carpet was making his tender bottom sing. I let him suffer for a moment longer as the last flickers of orgasm worked through me.

When the last of it had faded, I pushed his dark hair out of his face. "Come on. Let's shower. I'll wash your back. And then we'll find food." I winked at him. "I'll drive."

–S.A., via email

REDECORATING

The internet would have us believe that it takes naughty lingerie or fancy sex toys to spice up your marriage, but the biggest boost to our sex life came in the form of a new piece of furniture. It wasn't that our sex life was bad. We did the deed regularly and we

both got off every time. It was more like we had gotten too good at it. We both knew exactly how the other liked it and what they needed to get off, so we had become way too efficient. It was sort of like masturbating with another person—it felt good, but the thrill of fucking just wasn't there anymore.

Enter our new ottoman. We'd bought an overpriced furniture store chair a few years before, and one day my wife, Jane, randomly decided it would be better with a matching ottoman. She asked if I wanted to look at it online first, but I smiled and nodded, only half listening to her, and told her to order whatever she wanted. When it showed up, our new ottoman was a massive square clunky thing that dominated the living room—not at all like the small footrest I had pictured when she told me about it.

"I hate it. I think we should take it back," I told her, mentally noting that our conversations had become ruthlessly efficient as well. We didn't sugarcoat things with one another anymore.

"I like it," she countered, flopping down to sit on it.

"It's bigger than the chair it's supposed to go with!"

"I STOOD BETWEEN HER LEGS, PUSHING THEM WIDER APART BEFORE DROPPING DOWN TO MY KNEES."

"Well, it's technically meant for a couch, but I thought it would be nice to have another spot to sit as well as a footrest," my wife said.

Is there anything less sexy than discussing furniture?

Just as that thought entered my mind, a funny thing happened. Jane lay back across the ottoman, perhaps trying to illustrate how comfortable it was. Seeing her splayed out in a sundress, with her legs parted just a little, in the middle of the living room struck me as somehow indecent. It was like a shot of adrenaline directly to my dick.

She was still saying something about the trendy way to configure a living room, but I was now single-mindedly focused on getting her panties off. I nodded at whatever she was saying, but moved closer, fantasies of fucking my wife over the ridiculously huge ottoman now consuming my thoughts.

I stood between her legs, pushing them wider apart before dropping down to my knees in front of her. She must have thought I was simply getting a better look at the ottoman because she jolted in surprise when I slid my hands up between her thighs and under her skirt. I rubbed her clit and pussy over the soft fabric of her cotton panties, delighting in how quickly a wet spot began to form.

She tried to sit up, but I nudged her back down, not nearly ready to move on to other things. I was enjoying this and wanted to take my time for once. I slowly peeled her panties off, sliding them down her legs and letting them drop to the floor. I spread her legs wider, taking a second to appreciate the sight of her

VARIATIONS

↘ FETISHISM LETTERS

perfect pussy bare and wet for me.

I leaned forward, and, as I suspected, the ottoman was the perfect height for me to comfortably lick her pussy—which was good because I planned to be there for a while. When my tongue made contact with her clit, she whimpered and tensed before relaxing against me and moaning as I found a stroking rhythm against her most sensitive spot.

It took a few minutes, but she came with my mouth at her pussy, pressing her thighs together around my head and arching her back at the intensity of the orgasm. She tried to sit up again, but I coaxed her to lie back again with one hand, not bothering to lift my tongue from her pussy. After three more orgasms, she had pulled her feet up to brace them against the ottoman, giving me better access, and she was no longer making any effort to get up. I slowly rose to my knees and was delighted to find her limp with pleasure, cheeks flushed and dress bunched around her waist.

The ottoman was huge, but not quite wide enough, so her head was leaned back over the edge. Inspiration struck again.

I dropped my shorts and underwear, letting my rock-hard dick spring loose. She watched me with a naughty gleam in her eyes as I circled around to the other side of our new piece of furniture. She knew exactly what I was going to do and licked her lips before opening her mouth wide in invitation.

I pushed my cock into her mouth, savoring the wet heat and the tight pressure of her lips. I thrust forward, and could feel her tongue stroking the base of my shaft. As I slid in and out a few times, I decided the ottoman was the perfect height for this as well. With her head tilted back over the edge, she was relaxed and her throat was wide open for me.

I thrust forward a little deeper, hesitating as she gagged a little, but she reached up to push me forward again. I didn't think I'd ever been this deep in her throat before, and it was fucking amazing. Her throat was squeezing the head of my cock as she cupped my balls, holding me there like she was actually enjoying me face-fucking her. Her blowjobs were usually so polite and tidy. Nothing to complain about, but they had nothing on the raw intensity that she was unleashing now. She was gasping and choking, but never let me pull back.

"I SPREAD HER CHEEKS APART AND GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HER WET PUSSY."

She was going to make me come in her throat, but I wanted to be buried in her sweet pussy when I got off, so I pushed her hands away, then flipped her onto all fours on the ottoman with her ass facing me. I spread her cheeks apart and got a good look at her wet pussy before parting her folds and driving my dick into her. It felt so good, I wanted to keep going, but I came after four deep thrusts, teasing her ass with my thumb as I immediately began to fantasize about what else we could do right here in the middle of the living room.

"Still want to take it back?" she asked breathlessly, laughter in her voice.

I slapped her ass playfully in answer and said, "We won't be able to if you aren't careful. It'll be hard to return if you get come all over it!"

We grabbed my shorts and avoided the mess, and to this day we have our best sex on that ottoman.

-M.W., Richmond, Virginia

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your fetish with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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—RYAN

ALPINE GIRLS

A bored, pampered housewife finds herself searching for adventure in the Alpes.

By Allison Thomas

As the second wife of a very well to do businessman, I admit that probably some of my life is completely stereotypical. I just turned twenty-seven this year, and my husband, Daniel, is forty-five. I'm blonde, petite, and I suppose a bit "preppy," having been a former college cheerleader and fine arts major. Daniel and I met on a website for sugar dating. We started off with just a little 'arrangement' while I was finishing up my MFA, and it quickly became more. Before I knew it, we were engaged–and we got married in Hawaii about four years ago.

At the time, everyone of course had an opinion. People called me a whore, bimbo, a gold-digger, but cliché of clichés: we were madly in love, and mine is not at all a marriage of convenience, no matter what it might look like on the outside. However, in spite of how happy Daniel makes me, I will say that initially I felt out of my depth and almost uncomfortable, as I processed that transition from girlfriend or mistress to full-time wife. It probably boils down to my age at the time and my lower self-confidence–two things that have since happily changed.

My husband has two kids with his first wife, so between the kids and the business trips, I was (and still am) often left to my own devices. This honestly doesn't bother me so much now, but back then I felt like a third wheel, not to mention, I was bored.

I wanted to set up my own studio space, but that would mean not being able to travel with Daniel–and as he is a somewhat dominant man, he prefers it when I am readily available when it comes to picking up and going with him. So, for the sake of our marriage, and with the enduring promise that he'd help me open my own gallery, I smiled and accompanied him to the next hotel in the next city, or stayed in our suite while he dealt with his teenagers (who of course hated me). Things seemed to lull on like this for a while – until around this time last year, when Daniel was invited to some meetings in Colorado with fellow financial bigwigs (you might think of them as the "Wolves of Pot Street".)

"HER LIPS WORKED THEIR WAY FROM MY MOUTH DOWN MY NECK, AND THEN WENT STRAIGHT TO MY BREASTS."

While Daniel had a full itinerary for most of the weekend, I had the opposite schedule: nothing, nothing, and nothing, tra-la-la. And having lived in warm areas for most of my life, those snowy slopes are lost on me. I tried out the bunny hill in order to blend in with some of the other 'work wives'–and for the most part, managed not to embarrass myself. After a couple of hours though, I ended up bowing out and heading for the spa.

I decided to start off by warming up in the sauna. As I peeled off layer after layer of wintery clothing in the ladies locker room, it already felt so good to feel my bare skin again. I stood fully nude in front of the full-length mirror securing my hair up in a ponytail. Behind me, I noticed another woman arriving, so I hurriedly wrapped up in the soft terry towel and stepped instead the luscious steam.

Happily, I had the huge sauna all to myself. I unwrapped part of my towel so my bottom was covered and left my breasts uncovered. The transition from what passes as "room temperature" to the wondrous sauna heat was already giving me goose bumps and making my nipples stand at attention. I cupped my breasts, closed my eyes, and leaned back.

After a few moments, the sauna door opened, and the same woman who'd entered the locker room when I was getting undressed arrived. She had dark hair with a pretty side fringe, light eyes, and, as she dropped towel, a full set of pendulous breasts (either she had some incredible genetics–or a great plastic surgeon) and a full bush. She smiled at me; I smiled back and looked down demurely.

I settled in again and was deep in the middle of visualizing all my anxieties sweating out through my pores when there was a whisper in my ear: "Excuse me–I don't mean to disturb you, but do you happen to know anything about the masseurs here?"

Startled, my nipples pinged again as I met the gaze of the blue-eyed brunette. "Oh! Uh, you know, I'm not sure, but someone told me today to try out Ericka or Jean."

She smiled. "Thank you, that helps. I'm Sylvia, by the way."

I giggled. "No problem. Allison."

"Allison," she repeated and looked me over. "This might be crazy but I think I've seen you before. Were you in Arizona like two months ago?"

I nodded. "Yes, actually. My husband

travels a great deal, so I go with him."

Sylvia grinned. "I knew it. I never forget a face." Her gaze went to my breasts and then back up, "Or a body."

I laughed nervously. I was already flushed from the heat of the sauna but could feel the blood rushing to my face.

Sylvia sat next to me. "Oh dear, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

I shook my head. "No, not at all." I smiled at her. "After being chewed out on the phone by my husband's ex wife the other day I think I just forgot that women can be kind to each other."

Sylvia reached over and smoothed away a stray piece of hair that kept falling in my eyes. "I understand. If you don't mind my asking, how old are you?"

"Twenty-five, but it's my birthday in February."

"And how long have you been married?"

"We just made two years."

Sylvia smiled. "And your husband– he's is that adorable silver 'grizzly bear' I've seen escorting you through lobby?"

I laughed. "That's him. He isn't as grouchy as he looks sometimes."

Sylvia laughed. "Well, that's a good thing. Jet lag can do weird things to a person."

Suddenly feeling safe around her, I added: "sometimes I wish I could get him to relax more, but oddly enough now that we're married he never slows down."

Sylvia touched my arm. "I know what you mean. My own Richard–if I want to see him, I schedule it."

"Really?" I must've looked so shocked.

Sylvia laughed and shrugged. "Oh, no, it's ok. We find each other again eventually. But, in the meantime, I find ways to divert myself…"

And that's when she leaned in and kissed me–and for a second, I found myself feverishly kissing back. I could feel the blood rushing to my clit already – and yet, I pulled away. "Wait–."

"Hmm?" Sylvia looked into my eyes as she smoothed my hair back again.

"Are you–are you sure–?"

"Sure? Honey, did you see what I saw in the mirror? You're gorgeous." Sylvia giggled.

I smiled, "I mean, should we be doing this in here?"

"Why not?" Sylvia kissed me again– and this time there was no going back.

Her pillowy lips worked their way from my mouth down my neck, and then went straight to my breasts. As she sucked on my nipples, her nearest hand unwrapped my towel and went straight for my pussy.

"Oh god," I moaned. I squirmed and opened my legs wider as I felt her fingers stroking my wet clit.

Sylvia cupped my breasts and kissed my neck again. "You just leave everything to me."

She took both of our towels and put them aside and guided me down on the bench. "You have such beautiful legs. Were you ever a gymnast?"

I smiled. "Cheerleader."

Sylvia chuckled. "Of course you were." She kissed my inner thighs as she spread me wide, leaving every inch of me exposed. Her fingers tussled my trimmed pubic hair. "Mmm, I love a pretty pussy. Let me taste you."

She started off by sucking on my clit and fingering me with two–and then three fingers–and I was quickly swept away. The sweet scent of the sauna mingling with the smell of my arousal clouded away everything else in my brain.

Suddenly it didn't matter where I was or who might walk in – all that mattered was the sensation of Sylvia's tongue and fingers: probing, teasing, and stroking– and quickly taking me over the edge.

After I came and caught my breath, she kissed me again and got up.

"Wait–." I panted. "Don't you want a turn?"

Sylvia smiled and kissed me again. "Are you free for dinner later?"

"Sure. My husband has some kind of long evening tonight."

"Good." She smiled. "I'll leave my card by your locker."

Reeling from my first girl-on-girl encounter since college I basked in the afterglow after she left for quite awhile. Then, on wobbly legs, I made it to the shower.

True to her word, I found Sylvia's card. We made plans for an early dinner. Certain that dinner would surely lead to a very decadent dessert, I made sure to wear some sexy lingerie beneath my strappy black cocktail dress – a burgundy lace demi bra and matching thong and garter belt. I left my hair long so it tumbled over my shoulders in loose curls.

Sylvia was just as stunning with her clothing on. She wore a silver strapless number that set off her icy blue eyes and mahogany hair. I knew she was

VARIATIONS

LESBIANISM

older than me, but based on her looks, I never would have guessed she was my husband's age when she told me later!

We made mundane conversation like that at first – almost as if she was sort've feeling me out more. Finally I couldn't help myself: "I just wanted to say thank you for today. I needed that."

Sylvia smiled and sipped her wine. "I could tell."

"Should we get out of here so I can reciprocate?"

Sylvia chuckled, "Well, about tonight…"

For a moment I was crestfallen thinking she wasn't interested. But then she reached over and touched my arm. "I fully intend on having you again. However…I wanted to ask you about something first."

"What?" I asked.

"I'm guessing that I'm not your first girl?"

I laughed and shook my head. "I was a cheerleader in a sorority. What do you think?"

"Very good." Sylvia grinned. "So, what if I told you that I have some other female friends here who more or less share our predicament, hmm? Busy husbands, lots of time," she leaned in and whispered: "lots of pent-up horniness."

"Are we going to meet those friends?"

"If you'd like that, I'd be happy to take you as my guest to a little party tonight. You wouldn't be obligated to participate, per say–but it is something of an exclusive little club, so I need you to be discreet."

"Of course." I nodded. "So, is this like a sex club?"

Sylvia laughed. "Yes, but it's a little more than that." She paused. "Do you participate in any BDSM with your husband."

"Not in an official sense, but he's the one 'in charge' more or less."

'Well, our little club is about service: sometimes you need an outlet to serve and other times it's about *being served*." She tapped her manicured nails on the rim of her wine glass: "We play, and it more or less helps keep each in other in balance. You follow?"

I nodded. "I think it sounds like something I need. I feel lost."

"I could tell that when I saw your face in the mirror–I wasn't just looking at your tits you know."

I giggled, but then looked serious: "I want to serve you tonight, Sylvia."

She squeezed my hand. "Very well."

We polished off our wine and headed into the elevator. Once inside, Sylvia opened her purse and took out a satin blindfold. "I have to insist you slip this on until you're a 'full member.'

I felt like I was inside of a movie as she led me to an unknown floor and down

"THEY LICKED AND PROBED MY PUSSY, MY ASS: WHERE ONE TRAILED OFF, ANOTHER BEGAN."

the hall. Rather than knock on the door, Sylvia had a key card. As she led me inside, I could hear voices and chatter from a few rooms over, so I guessed this was one of the bigger suites.

"Do you really want to serve me?" Sylvia whispered in my ear and removed the blindfold.

"Yes."

She lead me down a small hallway into a private bedroom: "Strip."

I obeyed, pausing to show off my lingerie.

Sylvia smiled and tsked me. "It's very pretty dear, but it all has to go; I have something else in mind." She opened one of the dresser drawers and removed a large velvet clutch.

"What's in there?" Fully nude, I went to embrace her.

Sylvia gave me a little kiss and pulled out this thin, gossamer chain that sparkled in the light. "This pretty chain makes something called a karada when I wrap it around your body just right. You'll be fully exposed–but you'll be all mine."

My skin tingled and my nipples pinged as she draped the cool, soft metal around me. Once I was "dressed" I couldn't stop looking in the mirror!

"Wow," I said, looking from my reflection to Sylvia.

She smiled and unzipped her cocktail dress to reveal a leather bustier and what I discovered later were crotchless panties. "Shall we head in to the party?"

I nodded, once more feeling like this was some kind of strange erotic dream.

Sylvia took the excess length of chain that trailed behind me and held it as she guided me into the suite's large parlor. Normally I would feel at least mildly self-conscious being nude in a room full of people, but with Sylvia's hand holding the chain and resting on the small of my back, I felt powerful and beautiful. But I certainly wasn't the only naked woman there.

The lights were dimmed, but no less than eight other women in various states of undress were there, either just chatting or idly pleasuring each other.

Sylvia cleared her throat. "I have Allison with me. She wants to serve."

Suddenly I felt all the eyes in the room turn to look at me. But before I could instinctively cover myself or succumb to shyness, Sylvia put her arm around me. "Isn't she magnificent?"

I blushed a little, listening to all the murmurs of praise and approval. Sylvia ran her hands through my hair and kissed me. "Come…" She guided my chain over to a free chaise lounge and sat down. "Kneel."

I followed her and obeyed, kneeling in front of her.

Sylvia opened her legs, revealing her smooth-shaven pussy to be already

soaking wet. “Now, ignore everything else and just taste me.”

I planted a small kiss on her inner thigh and dove in with wild abandon. It had been so long since I’d tasted the musky flavor of another woman that I was instantly intoxicated. Her large pussy lips felt utterly delectable tugging between my fingers while I stroked her clit with my tongue.

“Oh god, yes!” Sylvia cried out, cradling my head so my entire face was completely and utterly consumed by her cunt.

I slid my fingers inside of her and began to pump them in and out. She moaned louder. “Mmm, that’s right. Now, reach down and touch yourself for me.”

With my naked pussy highlighted but fully exposed in the karada, I was all too happy to do so.

“Do you like serving?” Sylvia smoothed the hair from my face.

I nodded.

“Good, keep going. And lick my asshole too.”

I eagerly obliged, feeling myself just get lost once more in pure sensation. When Sylvia finally came (and actually squirted), I heard a round of applause behind me.

I turned and looked to see all these gorgeous women who were clearly captivated by our little spectacle.

Sylvia gently tugged my chain so I faced her again and gave me a kiss. “You did wonderful. Did you enjoy?”

I giggled and nodded.

Sylvia helped me stand up. “Well then– how would you like to be served now? Because I think I might not be the only one here who’d love to make you cum.”

What followed from that point was one of the most intense sexual encounters I had ever experienced. A beautiful busty redhead brought out two king-sized pillows, and another blonde girl brought out some toys, including a strap-on. Then this really gorgeous black girl with a great ass helped Sylvia lay me down and prop me on the pillows in the middle of the parlor. Another brunette with smaller tits smoothed my hair out of my face and kissed me. And from there, my body became a veritable playground.

Surrounded by beautiful horny women, I felt probing wet tongues trace down my neck, over my nipples, and all around my clit. They licked and probed my pussy, my ass: where one trailed off, another began. It was endless delight across every inch of my body. Naturally I came from having my pussy eaten – but the ladies weren’t finished with me, not by a long shot.

I was gently turned over and placed on all fours. The redhead positioned herself underneath my tits in the front so she could suck my nipples. And from behind, Sylvia lightly swatted my ass and spread me wide. She stroked my tormented clit some more: “You want me to fuck you now?”

I turned and nodded. “Oh yes, please!”

Sylvia grinned and entered my pussy with a strap-on. A few moments later, I felt two tongues teasing up the respective sides of my ass before they took turns probing my sensitive rosebud–and then someone gently inserted a small vibrator back there.

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In that moment, I wondered if it was possible to die of pleasure.

The sensation of the redhead sucking my tits while I got double penetrated and licked was quickly taking me up and down another wild orgasmic wave. In the end, I came so hard that my entire body spasmed and I saw stars.

When I finally opened my eyes and regained some composure, I found myself relaxing in Sylvia’s arms. Some of the girls were snuggled near by – others had gone off to their own pleasurable ends.

My ears were still ringing from all the blood rushing to my head. “That was incredible.” I whispered.

“Welcome to the club.” Sylvia kissed my forehead.

And what a club it is! You would never guess its existence, but where there are bored housewives cooped up in expensive resorts with absent husbands, look closely and no doubt you’ll spot us.

PIANIST ENVY

A timid musician proves that sometimes nice guys get to win.

By Will Dean

I come from a musical family. Both of my parents are professional orchestral players. I started studying piano when I was five, and within weeks, I had surpassed the skills of my nine-year-old sister, who'd been playing for three years. I'd apparently won the lottery in the musical gene pool.

Growing up, I enjoyed being around musicians of all sorts. My personal heroes were Chopin and Liszt. As I entered puberty, I was drawn to girls who were musically inclined. My first crush was on a young mezzo-soprano I once accompanied at a recital. As a high-school sophomore, I lost my virginity to a senior girl who played oboe. (No "skin flute" jokes, please. I've heard them all.)

After high school, I was accepted at a prestigious conservatory in New England, surrounded by other prodigies. My camaraderie with other students was overshadowed by some intense competition. The one student who seemed more talented than me was a kid in the composition program. If you're a fan of contemporary classical music, you'd possibly know him by his real name. So for this confession, he'll be "Curtis."

Curtis was the kind of kid who grew up hearing people whispering the word "genius" within his earshot, and so of course he assumes he is one. He'd written a prize-winning short opera before his second year at the conservatory and it received a couple of important productions. He was a big deal, and he didn't let you forget it.

The two of us were tight, though the friendship was always tainted by our rivalry. I conceded that I was the beta male to his alpha. But I didn't really care about that. It was fun being in the company of a star. Besides, we weren't really competing in the same fields. He was a composer. I was a pianist. And when you're a performer you soak up the adulation more directly than a composer would, immediately after you play that final chord.

We became each other's wingman at the local watering holes where the conservatory's dating scene played out. It was a fucking intense life. Musicians

"SHE PUSHED ME BACK ON THE BED AND FELL ONTO ME, KISSING ME WITH WANTON PASSION."

are passionate people—a cliché, but true. More accurately, musicians are horny fucks. When Curtis and I weren't rehearsing or burning the midnight oil working on orchestrations, we were going through a revolving door with willing women. I dated some of Curtis's castoffs. He took up with one or two of mine. All this attention was making us both insufferable.

One night when Curtis and I had gotten a little too drunk and high, we brought two first-year students back to his apartment—I'll call them Jeanne and Jill. What a bacchanal that was! These women were both sexy as hell. Jeanne was a busty blonde; Jill was slight and dark. In the dimly lit apartment we fucked the two of them until nearly daybreak. It was a little weird for me—my first experience with group sex. Curtis loved it. He was a true exhibitionist. I remember at one point all four of us were together on his big bed. I was furiously screwing Jill's tight pussy in doggie, while he was leaning back against the headboard, being fellated by the buxom Jeanne.

"Christ, Will," he said. "Look how hard Jeanne has made my cock." He pulled his circumcised meat out of her mouth and thrust it out for Jill and me to see. "I don't think it's ever been this big and stiff."

I grew wary of Curtis that night. I felt he was literally measuring his dick against mine, reasserting his masculine superiority. We still hung out some after that, but the wingman thing tapered off. By the end of that semester, I was seriously dating a young woman named Leigh who wasn't a music student. Curtis was still constantly on the prowl.

He finished at the conservatory a year before I did and went to California. We kept in touch but didn't talk often. He had a song cycle performed in LA, and I thought about going out to hear it but couldn't afford the trip. He now seemed like a distant acquaintance. But that changed last year, when I had a phone call from him.

Curtis had written a Christmas cantata. "I'd call the fucker an oratorio," he said, "but they'll think I'm trying to out-Handel Handel."

A big, moneyed Episcopal church on the East Coast was premiering the piece, which was written for piano and voice. There were sections calling for a small choir, but the lead vocal role was for soprano. Curtis's new girlfriend—we'll

call her Ada–would be singing the part.

"She's spectacular, Will. You'll fall in love with her."

More prophetic words had never come out of his mouth.

Ada–originally from Houston– was big news in the music world. The two of them had moved in together soon after that. I'd seen Ada's press photos–she looked gorgeous, if somewhat aloof. She was a blonde–slim and a little austere, but somehow crazy glamorous at the same time. Her eyes were smoky and mysterious. And her voice! When I heard the *lieder* album, I wanted to take her voice to bed with me.

Curtis wanted me as pianist for the Christmas gig.

"Only you can play this one, Will. You know my music. You know where it comes from. From my belly. *From my groin*."

He was as full of himself as ever. From his groin? Seriously?

I agreed to the gig. But I felt trepidation. I could tell it was a brilliant creation. But it was also extremely difficult. Still, how could I say no? If I declined Curtis's offer, I'd always wonder what might have been.

I fell hard for Ada the moment I met her. It was the weekend after Thanksgiving when I arrived in the city where the cantata would be presented. We'd agreed to meet in a coffee shop near the church where the piece would be performed.

Ada's photos hadn't captured her full beauty. Her skin was flawless. Her eyes were dark gray–nearly charcoal. Her smile had mystery in it. And her speaking voice was as smooth and crystalline as her singing–with only a slight twinge of Texan twang now and again. I'd reached to shake her hand, but she embraced me coolly. But considering that Curtis's greeting had been an over-aggressive bear hug, Ada's embrace seemed relatively welcoming.

"Curt has shared recordings of your

VARIATIONS

↘ EXHIBITIONISM

"I WATCHED HER SWEET TITS DANCE AS MY BODY ROCKED HER HARD."

playing," she told me. "I cannot wait to hear you play his music."

"And I can't wait to hear you sing it.'

"It's a phenomenal composition," she smiled. "It's also a motherfucker to sing."

I hadn't expected salty language from that honeyed mouth. But it immediately endeared her to me.

"It's a motherfucker to play, too. Believe me."

She laughed nervously. Curtis, meanwhile, glared at us.

"Their first conversation, and already they're dissing the composer."

"You're going by 'Curt' now?" I asked. He'd always hated it when people shortened his given name.

"No. Only Ada gets away with that," he said. "I put up with it during bedroom talk, but it spills over sometimes."

There it was, a not-so-subtle reminder that he and Ada were fucking. He knew me well enough to know how I'd react to her. After all, he'd told me over the phone I would fall in love with her.

I'd noticed immediately that Curtis had changed. Physically, he was the same—though his hair had thinned a little. But he'd become more aggressive, almost combative.

The next day we met at the extravagant house where he and Ada were staying. It belonged to one of the *Über*-wealthy church families who were in Europe for the holidays. There was a grand piano there that we could use. I was being housed in the church basement, in a small but nice apartment usually reserved for visiting clergy.

The first rehearsal began well. The opening part of the cantata took its text from Isaiah: "For unto us a child is born," Familiar, right? It was relatively easy to play, and my heart beat fast as I heard Ada sing live for the first time. Fucking angelic.

Soon, though, things went to shit. The middle part of the cantata was a monster. Curtis had written things that a pianist born with three hands couldn't play. Before long, he was steaming.

"Well, that was disappointing."

"Damn, Curtis, I said, laughing. "Your music's not easy."

"What's the problem with it?" he snapped. "I've had two players far less talented than you who can perform it flawlessly. Your notes are there. Mostly. But it sounds labored."

Stung, I muttered: "I just need to work on it."

"Clearly."

The next two weeks were highly frustrating. Curtis was mostly civil, but I had the feeling he was extremely unimpressed with my performance. Apparently, so was Ada. She seemed distant, unfriendly.

The next Saturday afternoon, we rehearsed at the house again. There had been light snow flurries all day. As dusk approached, it was a steady drift. This rehearsal went slightly better than the earlier one.

"You should stay over here tonight," said Curtis, who seemed in a better mood than he'd been in days. "The weather sucks. Besides, I made oyster stew. There's plenty of wine. We should relax. Forget about the fucking music."

Idly, I played a few bars of "Jingle Bells." I wasn't sure about staying there at the house with them. But I relented.

Before the wine bottles were opened, we drank martinis. While Curtis worked in the kitchen, I sat and talked with Ada.

She was so sexy in her shiny white dressing gown. We talked about the places we'd been performing. I told her about how my relationship with Leigh had blossomed and then fallen apart. She was attentive but still seemed a little reserved.

The three of us talked and drank and listened to recordings late into the night. At one point Curtis asked me about Leigh. I'd never spoken to him about the

breakup.

"Oh, I was telling Ada about that earlier," I said.

"I'll bet you were," he said in a stinging tone, adding a nasty chuckle.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I know you, William. I know your M.O."

I picked up my glass and drained it. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Never mind." His thin smile seemed almost sinister. "Tell me about Leigh. Sorry you'll have to hear a rehash, Ada."

"Some other time," I said.

He picked up a bottle and poured wine in my glass. "Suit yourself." He went to pour wine for Ada, too, but he somehow missed the glass. Cabernet spilled onto her dressing gown and onto the sofa and carpet.

"Oh, fuck me." Curtis said.

He and Ada both got up, running for something to wipe up the catastrophe. As they stumbled about, I realized that both of them were completely shit-faced. Soon the three of us were on the floor dabbing at the red stains with sponges and napkins and towels. Ada's stained dressing gown had come off. She was wearing a flimsy blouse and shorts that left little to the imagination. Curtis was carrying on about how the house's owners were going to come home and think there'd been a Roman orgy in their living room. And then, for some reason, we all started to laugh uncontrollably. I laid back on the floor and closed my eyes. Nothing was really funny. We were all just mad drunk.

Things got quiet after a while. I opened my eyes, turned my head, and was shocked to see that Curtis had pulled Ada's shorts to her ankles and had his mouth on her pussy. She was moaning softly. I turned my head away, again closing my eyes. I could hear clothes being torn off. What the fuck were they thinking?

After a moment, Curtis said: "Get real, Will. You know you want to watch this."

So that was it. It was his exhibitionistic fetish again. I wouldn't indulge him. Again I played dead.

But soon I heard the unmistakable sound of fucking: the slapping sound of skin on skin, the squish of cock in pussy. I couldn't help myself. I sat up and looked at them. They were both naked, going at it in missionary position. I couldn't see Ada's face. And Curtis's back was turned to me. But he'd heard me move. He turned my way and grinned.

"Yo, Willie. Like what you see?"

"Fuck you," I said. I managed to stand up. "Fuck the both of you."

"Sorry, we're otherwise engaged at the moment," said Curtis sarcastically.

I picked up a pillow from the sofa and walked down the hall to one of the bathrooms. That night I slept in a bathtub.

By early morning the blizzard had ended and the snow was melting. I had an evil headache, but I managed to find my coat and scarf. I left the house and trudged back toward the church ten blocks away.

When I arrived in the little apartment I took a couple of aspirin and climbed into the narrow bed fully clothed and falling to

VARIATIONS

EXHIBITIONISM

sleep quickly.

A knock on my door woke me. I looked at my cell phone. Christ, it was 1:30 in the afternoon!

I stumbled to the door. It was Ada. She looked unkempt, her hair wild and her eyes bloodshot. She'd been crying, apparently. I'm sure I looked like shit myself.

"Will, I need to talk with you," she said softly. "I'm sorry. About last night. About everything." She took a deep breath. Her exhalation became a sob.

"Don't cry," I told her. "You'll hurt your voice."

"I don't care about my goddamned voice!" she said. "He's a monster, Will. I feel trapped."

"Where is he now?"

"We had a fight. He took a train to Boston. He has an uncle there, remember? He'll be back on Tuesday. Why did I ever get involved with him?"

We decided we both needed strong coffee. She waited for me as I took a quick shower. Soon we were walking in the snow, which had already started to melt.

Ada confided to me that soon after Curtis had talked her into performing in the cantata, he'd become abusive toward her. She wanted nothing more than to leave him and go to Texas to spend Christmas with her family, but she'd foolishly agreed to travel with him to London soon after the cantata's premiere.

We stopped at a quiet café and had coffee. Afterward we went for a long walk.

"HER SNATCH WAS SNUG BUT SLICK WITH HER JUICES."

"You're such a good guy," she said as we headed back toward the church. "Curtis is resentful of you, Will. He's so fucked-up. He envies your decency." She was starting to cry again. "I need you. As an ally," she said.

"Of course."

We were soon at the steps of the church. "Do you want to come in?" I said.

"Yes, I don't want to be alone."

We entered the church through the side entrance, which led to my quarters.

"Hold me," she said after we stepped inside the apartment. I did. I held her for a long time. I felt her soft cheek on my stubble-covered face.

And then, somehow, my lips were on hers. I kissed her softly at first, then more assertively. She broke away from me and looked into my eyes.

"You think I'm a whore, don't you?"

"No."

"I feel like one sometimes."

"Well, you're not."

"Don't be so sure. I really want to be with you. To go to bed with you."

I couldn't believe her words. But my dick was stirring.

"Would that be wise?" I asked.

"Fuck 'wise.'" She began tearing off her clothes. I sat on the narrow bed, amazed.

Soon she was naked. Her slim body was toned, her skin silky, her breasts small exquisite mounds with soft, rose-colored nipples.

She pushed me back on the bed and fell onto me, kissing me with wanton passion. After a minute or so of frantic kissing, she sat up, got off the bed, and fell to her knees. She unbuckled my belt. Soon my hot, engorged cock was freed from my jeans and boxer briefs. I moaned as she teased my tender glans with her tongue and then enveloped my cock fully in her mouth. I tried to keep my voice silent. Technically, we were in a church. But it proved impossible.

"We'll need a condom," she said.

I got up from the cot, finished

stripping, and searched through my suitcase. I wasn't sure I'd even packed protection. Thankfully, I found a lone rubber in my toiletry case.

I strapped it on my hard-on and returned to the bed, getting on my back again. Ada straddled me, facing me. She slowly eased her shaved pussy down the length of my stiff, insistent rod. Her snatch was snug but slick with her juices. I began thrusting up into her, slowly but powerfully. I watched her sweet tits dance as my body rocked her hard.

Before long I came with more fury than I'd ever come before. Afterward I brought her to orgasm by lapping her labia with my tongue and sucking on her clit. Both spent, we clutched each other like the end of the world was before us.

On Tuesday, when Curtis returned, we all resumed rehearsals as though nothing unusual had happened. Ada later told me that Curtis had hired a steam-cleaning service to remove the wine stains from his hosts' carpet.

The cantata was a huge success. Most accolades went to Curtis and Ada, but my playing received abundant praise, too. The day after, I said my goodbyes to the two of them. We were all very cordial. I took a cab to the airport and boarded a plane to Houston.

The next day, while Curtis slept off yet another night of heavy drinking, Ada left an envelope on the nightstand and took her own cab to the same airport–and to the same destination. She would have her Texas Christmas with family after all. New Year's Eve she would spend with me.

We assumed that Curtis flew to London alone–swallowing numerous cocktails as the airliner streaked across the Atlantic.

He bit my inner thigh playfully, and I jumped. His hands closed around my feet and he squeezed them. "That makes it unanimous."

NYLON NIGHTS

It all started in college when my football coach made some teammates and me participate in a ballet workshop to improve our coordination and balance. Most of the guys balked, and eventually they dropped out or traded dance for other kinds of workout sessions.

For me, though, besides the fact that ballet meant spending an hour surrounded by mostly hot girls, it also meant that I got to be around girls who wore tights during that hour—so you bet I stayed.

During class, I loved to watch their legs, crotches, and bottoms move around in tights and leotards, knowing how firm the nylon held and the intimate places it roamed. Just by watching all those supple bodies move in tights, I felt like I was going "there," too. Dance class proved to be a thrill unlike anything I had experienced before—I always jerked off like crazy afterward.

Through this, I came to realize that I longed to try wearing tights beyond what I did in the studio—but I really didn't identify as gay or even bi, so the thought of buying my own pair of women's stockings at the store felt taboo. However, given my enthusiasm for dance class, it was only a matter of time before the instructor asked me to be one of the "background toy soldiers" in the campus production of the *Nutcracker* ballet that year. That was when I finally felt "permission" to put on my first real pair of tights—and I've never been without a pair since.

For my *Nutcracker* costume back then, I wore white opaque tights with a black leotard, fake boot shafts over my ballet shoes, and a bright red soldier's jacket and hat. And just like the lady dancers, I didn't wear any other underwear—just my tights and leotard. What a rush: The nylon enveloped my cock and balls into a perfect bulge that wiggled enticingly when I "marched" or jumped. My dance attire looked and felt better than wearing a jock strap with those neoprene pants for football—the ladies sure seemed to think so!

During junior year I suffered a shoulder injury that took me out of football. Dance and physical therapy were integral to regaining my range of motion, so from then on I focused on my business classes, with ballet studio as my "elective" and sweet escape. Since I had no expectations of becoming a professional male dancer, it was an added treat to be cast for whatever random male ballet roles they needed me for—any reason to get a new pair of tights!

Sadly, my time at the campus ballet barre ended once I graduated and moved for work. However, even if I no longer suited up in my tights for "official purposes," by then I'd grown more confident—and also more desirous of a true outlet for my love of nylons.

As luck would have it, one of my old dance friends had a friend named Petra who moved to my city to start up her own dance studio. Would I be able to meet Petra for coffee and maybe help show her around the neighborhood? Of course!

I wasn't expecting anything at all when I agreed to meet up—other than maybe a chance to reminisce about my college dancing days. Instead, Petra's arrival in my life was a *grand jeté* to my heart.

I was waiting at a little sidewalk café when I saw this brunette with a graceful figure walking toward me. She wore opaque black tights with knee-high suede boots and a sleeveless tunic. She wore her hair long and wavy with dangly earrings—a true West Coast bohemian who was somehow trying to make it work here in the more conservative mid-Atlantic marsh.

"Steve?" Petra smiled and extended her hand.

"Yes—wow," I blurted out. "Welcome—you look great."

She laughed and tousled her luxurious mane of hair. "I see Cindy was right when she told me about you."

"Oh?"

“MY SWOLLEN MEMBER THROBBED AS SHE STROKED IT THROUGH THE GOSSAMER NYLON.”

“Yeah.” Petra sat down and crossed her lovely legs in front of me. “Cindy told me that you are the guy who keeps in touch with his barre and musical friends more than his football pals, and that you’re very cute, somehow straight, and–,” she paused, “unattached?”

I smiled. “Sounds accurate.” Testing the waters, I added: “So, did she tell you that I actually enjoyed wearing tights, too?”

Petra laughed and nodded. “She might’ve hinted at that. But you know, I don’t find it peculiar at all. Tights make the body beautiful and sleek.”

I wanted to shout for joy, but I played it cool. In fact, I actually waited until our second date to show her the full extent of my “inner dancer.”

You see, when it’s cold like it is now, I really love to wear footless tights under my suit pants for extra warmth–no boxers needed, either. And sometimes I’ll even cut the feet out of old pantyhose for this reason. But beyond the warmth, I find the sensation irresistible.

I love the way the silky nylon feels against my skin, and I love the way my tights squeeze and hold my cock and balls all day like a constantly smooth embrace. I never wear thigh highs, by the way–only because just covering parts of my legs isn’t enough. I need my cock and balls and ass to be completely veiled off in the nylon, so that when I invariably get aroused, the teasing is as endless as it is sublime.

Fast-forward to our second date: Things were really heating up. Petra and I were in front of the fireplace at her loft drinking wine and making out. She was on top–and when she reached down to feel my bulge and unzipped me, she discovered the nude pantyhose hiding beneath my pants–and the fact that I was a commando within them.

I braced myself for possible immediate rejection, but instead her face lit up brighter than her miniature Christmas tree: “Steve, what do we have going on here, hmm?” My swollen member throbbed as she stroked it through the gossamer nylon.

“I–” I was so turned-on that it was hard to catch my breath, much less speak. “I hope you don’t mind?”

Petra smiled and cupped my balls through my pantyhose: “Does it look like I mind?” Then she flicked her tongue up and down my imprisoned shaft.

All I could do was smile and close my eyes as the sensations overtook me. But teasing is the name of the game in my world–so I was hardly shocked when Petra stopped and demanded that I stand up and strip down to just my pantyhose.

“Mmm-mmm! Steve, what a great ass you have.” Petra swatted my bottom. “And you still keep your legs smooth?” She caressed my muscular legs, careful not to snag the material with her nails.

“Old habits die hard.” I playfully struck a pose or two for her.

“Well, then,” she said, standing up. “I think I should show you something.”

With that, Petra unzipped her skirt to reveal she was wearing high-waist sheer black pantyhose–but these had a built-in garter and no “panty part” at all to get in the way of her bald pussy lips. She smiled at me and did a quick pirouette.

Just from watching that, I could have easily keeled over and died a happy man. But Petra was in charge. She took my hand and made me feel the smooth, silky detailing around the garters and then she guided my fingers to her soaking-wet pussy.

“Oh, my God…” I gasped. “I want you so much!”

“Me, too,” Petra moaned as I helped her out of her bra. She has smaller breasts with these puffy, tubular nipples–my dance-class leotard jerkoff fantasy brought to life!

We ended up on the floor again beside the fire. I fingered and tongued her exposed cunt, savoring every

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

"I PRESSED MY LIPS AROUND HER CLIT AND HUMMED EVER SO SLIGHTLY, AND THAT DID IT."

smooth inch. Petra pinched her nipples and squirmed in delight.

Meanwhile, the nearby fireplace's warmth added even more heat to my nylon-covered body. Between my own sweat and the smoldering embers, my pantyhose were becoming a red-hot cage. I could feel the sweat and pre-come on the head of my dick as I brought Petra closer and closer to the brink.

I pressed my lips around her clit and hummed ever so slightly, and that did it. Petra cried out and gushed her sweet girl juice. She took a minute to regroup and then kissed me again: "I think we need to do something about you now."

I grinned. "It's your choreography tonight."

She cupped my bulge with both hands and looked into my eyes: "May I?"

I nodded.

Petra used her fingernail to split open the middle seam of my pantyhose, freeing my sweaty hard cock at last. "Mmm, now that's what I like."

She eagerly sucked the sweat and pre-come away and then focused on coating my shaft in her glistening saliva. I have no idea how I managed to keep it together–I had never felt so much desire before.

We worked into a little rhythm of face-fucking, but Petra kept the pace slow and paused to just maintain my pure arousal. Finally, after taking my cock to her throat's deepest recesses, she gasped for air: "I want you inside of me now."

She stood up and guided me over to the loft's newly installed barre and mirror. "Like this."

My beautiful stocking-clad ballerina stood at the barre and motioned for me to get behind her. And with her beautiful nylon-covered leg extending outward beyond me, I entered her pussy; she "tucked" and I thrusted. I reached around to pinch her nipples gently as our rhythm built.

"Oh God, yes!" Petra cried out. She turned to kiss me and gently bit down on my lower lip.

We changed position so I could take her facing me, but still standing at the barre. Now that I could more easily watch myself [in tights] fuck her [in tights] in the mirror, my ravenous lust exploded. And from what I could see in her reflection, she was riding the same wave. It wasn't long before Petra's tight cunt began contracting in orgasm, forcing me to give up my load.

We collapsed together by the barre and then snuggled in front of the fireplace.

I might not have proper dress rehearsals anymore, but the undressed ones I have now are even better–and so are the tights we wear.

–S.M., via email

DADDY'S DOLLY

My hands shake sometimes when I'm getting ready. It's adrenaline and I know it.

I pushed my fingers between my thighs and ran my fingertip over my clit. I was slick and wet already and I hadn't even gotten dressed yet.

I pulled on my white tights slowly, watching my tan runner's legs become white and opaque. I slipped my feet into little black patent leathers with straps. I stood and rummaged for the exact right dress to celebrate Daddy being home from work.

A gingham number with an apron seemed to be just what I was in the mood for, because a rush of wetness came out of me.

I sighed, wondering if I had time to get myself off before he got home. He didn't know he was coming home to his Dolly, so he wouldn't know I'd cheated just a little.

My phone tinkled that a text had come and I glanced at it.

"On his way already," I said to the woman in the mirror who was slowly changing. "No time to play with yourself."

I stepped into the dress and drew up the side zipper. The apron was sewn

onto the dress to make dressing—and undressing—easier. The Peter Pan collar laid flat because I always ironed them before I put them away.

I couldn't resist a fast touch. I hiked up my skirt and slipped my hand down into the crotch of my tights. I drove two fingers into my wet cunt and hooked them just so, triggering the tenderest place that gave me the sweetest pleasure.

I mashed my clit against my hand as I finger-fucked myself while imagining the sound of his keys in the door, his briefcase hitting the hardwood floor, his footsteps on the stairs, and then the pleasant rumble of his voice as he discovered me.

I slid my fingers in and out, in and out, until I hovered right there on the edge of coming. I pulled my fingers free and stroked my wetness over my clit. I was so close I gasped. I made myself stop.

I wiped my fingers on the hem of my dress and opened my makeup bag. A pale pink rouge stick, cherry red lipstick, mascara. Nothing more, nothing less. Just enough mascara to make my blue eyes bluer. Then I pressed the rouge against my cheeks, leaving two perfect pink circles. Next, a small heart painted with red lipstick at the center of my mouth.

I brushed my blonde hair out straight and smooth. Made sure my bangs were perfect. Then I tied a black velvet ribbon in my hair like a headband.

My heart pounded and my nipples were so hard I felt the tingle of excitement every time they brushed the cotton of my dress.

"Ready," I said to the girl in the mirror.

Then I heard the key in the door and I moaned softly. My cunt beat a steady rhythm in time with my heart.

I popped open the music box on the dresser and it began to softly play its melody.

I went to edge of the bed and sat there, feet on the floor, hands clasped in my lap, staring straight ahead. My head was slightly cocked. I waited, my pulse a roller coaster ride of blood and anticipation.

He called my name but I didn't answer. I heard him set down his case and walk into the dining room. He called out again. Finally, I heard his footsteps on the stairs.

My cunt flexed, clasping around nothing but anticipation.

He paused outside the bedroom, considering the tinkling tune, then pushed the door all the way open with tented fingers.

"Hello, Dolly," he said.

It took everything in me to remain still. I was certain that if he concentrated, he'd be able to see the flutter where my heart was beating.

He walked around the side of the bed so I couldn't see him. I heard the whisper of his suit jacket coming off and then the slow methodical sounds of him removing his clothing.

Between my thighs, I was slick and hot and I could feel my heart beating there just as hard as in my temples.

The bed depressed as he climbed on. Then he was lifting my hair away from my neck. I realized I was holding my breath just as his mouth came down on the place where my neck met my shoulder. I sipped air to try to remain silent. When he bit me, it was hard not to let out a pleasured little moan.

My pussy felt so full, so ready, as if just one stroke of his cock entering me would set me off and make me come.

My nipples rubbed the soft tee under my dress. They were hard and extremely sensitive. He bit me again and goosebumps raised up along my neck and shoulders and arms. Again, nothing I could do about that.

"Let's see what Dolly has on under here. If anything."

But first he cupped my tits in his big warm hands and chuckled softly at the pebble-hard tips he felt beneath.

He drew the zipper down deliberately and I had to focus to hear it because of

VARIATIONS

↘ WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

the pounding of blood in my ears.

He slid his hand inside and rubbed my nipples through the soft fabric. "Nice."

Daddy finally moved to face me. He manipulated my arms slowly, carefully, as he maneuvered my dress off. I let him push me back and pull it down my hips. I expected him to take off my tights, but instead he ran a finger along the cleft of my pussy, pushing my dry tights against my drenched folds. Then he sat me up.

He studied me and I did my best to remain blank. It was hard watching him rub his cock with his big hand.

His finger brushed my lower lip and he pushed my mouth open. Then he held my Dolly cheeks in his strong hands and shoved his cock in my mouth. I inhaled through my nose, letting him glide over my tongue and fuck my mouth. The tip of his cock brushed the back of my throat and I focused on not gagging.

He took his time, brushing my bangs back, touching the velvet ribbon in my hair. "Such a good girl. Such a good Dolly."

I blinked away a tear and let my tongue drift along his skin.

"My dick's all nice and wet. I wonder if my Dolly's wet. I wonder what it would feel like to bury my big hard cock inside her." I could hear the smile in his voice.

It took all my self-control not to squirm. I knew he'd find me as wet as could be when he touched me. Just the thought of him touching me had my insides quivering.

He lowered me to the bed and peeled my tights off. He took his time, studying my face as I did my best to keep my gaze blank.

He tossed the tights onto the floor and pushed my legs wide. Then his fingers were parting me, stroking me, taking stock of my drenched pussy.

"I'm so glad to find you wet, my lovely doll. I think I'd like to fuck you now."

I sipped air slowly, not wanting to break the spell.

He slid his cockhead along my nether lips, running the rigid tip over my clit. My insides contracted eagerly around nothing at all. My body desperately desired him.

He pushed my hands above my head and I tried to keep them very straight. He held my wrists and sank into me with ease.

"That's perfect. What a good plaything."

I had to swallow a moan.

He rocked into me, gently at first. But when he found my body slick and accommodating, he sped up with a grunt.

He rocked me so hard I slid across the bed. Every thrust had my pussy growing tighter. Every thrust pushed the root of his cock against my pounding clit. I let my eyes drift shut and slowed my breathing, focusing on the exquisite sensation of Daddy fucking me.

He buried his face at the crux of my neck and licked me. Goose bumps sprang up along my throat and shoulder. He chuckled, using his teeth.

I try so hard to be his doll. He tries so hard to push me. Every time it gets more intense, him trying to get me to gasp, cry out, or moan. And every time my resolve increases.

My cunt flexed wetly, a precursor to orgasm. He felt it and slid his hand beneath my ass, angling me in a way that would make me come incredibly hard. His cock brushed the perfect places for my pleasure.

I chewed my lips, caught myself, and forced my mouth to go lax.

His cockhead brushed the swollen place inside me and I went off like a shot, coming hard and fast. The intensity surprised even me, and I had to bite my lip to keep in the sounds.

Daddy shook his head, still sliding in and out of me fast and hard. "Such a stubborn Dolly."

Without warning, he pulled free of me and flipped me to my belly. He pressed his long, lean body to my back, finding my slit with his cock, and drove into me.

I grunted. I couldn't help it.

He laughed and heat flamed in my cheeks.

Damn it. I'd faltered.

He pushed his hands beneath my hip bones, angling me just a little and whispering in my ear.

"It's OK. You're only human, after all.

"HIS COCK BRUSHED THE PERFECT PLACES FOR MY PLEASURE."

If I hadn't forced the air out of you, it would never have happened."

He fucked me in a hypnotic rhythm. I clenched my pussy around him.

"You think you're punishing me, but you're not," he whispered. He nipped my ear and the sensation caused my nipples to spike and tingle.

He pounded into me, holding me flat and still. Air rushed in and out of me as he covered me fully. I was frustrated at the sounds but soothed by the pleasure.

I was going to come again and that's I cared about. He worked his finger even farther beneath me, finding my clit with his slick finger and giving it a few strokes.

It set me off once more, and that time I gave him what I knew he really wanted. When I came, I made the tiniest of squeaks. A tiny victory for him—making me falter.

He never needed to know it was on purpose. It was my Dolly secret.

–Jane. K., Queens, New York

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations,* 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email to: letters@penthouse.com

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